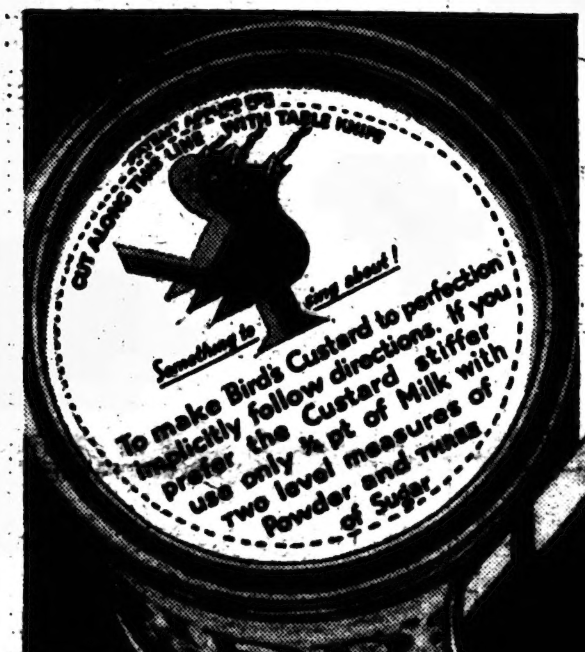
JOHN BULL, JULY 22, 1933

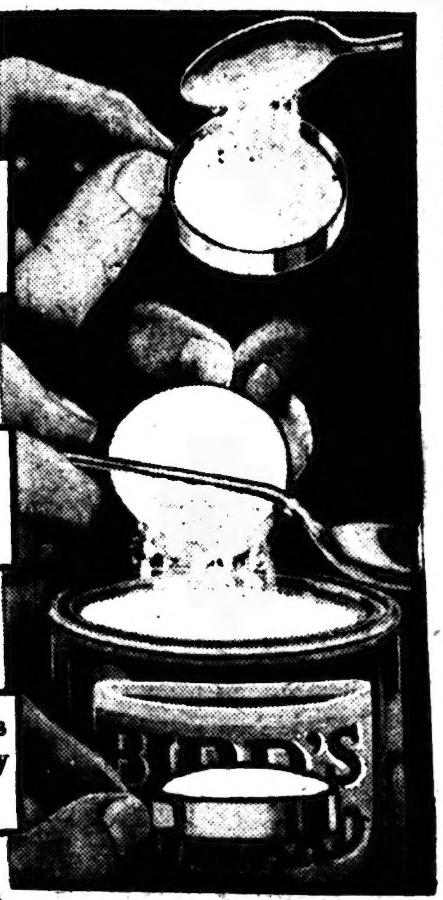
TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1414.

THE REVOLT OF THE PARENTS (SEE PAGE 7)

JOHN BULL


CUT ALONG THIS LINE WITH TABLE KNIFE
Something to sing about!
To make Bird's Custard to perfection implicitly follow directions. If you prefer the Custard stiffer use only ¾ pt of Milk with two level measures of Powder and THREE of Sugar.

BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER
STANDARD FLAVOR



The Modern Way!

BIRD'S HERMETIC SEALING

EASY-TO-MAKE BIRD'S CUSTARD

Use measure inside lid. Fill with spoon.

Smooth the Bird's Custard off level.

Three measures of Sugar slightly heaped.

The modern housewife needs no reminding that pure food and good health go hand in hand! The purity of Bird's Custard is safeguarded by being hermetically sealed in its tin! *The modern housewife is busy!* Therefore, although Bird's Custard was always quick and easy to make, we have now made it quicker and easier! (See the exact quantity measure in the tin.) *The modern housewife knows the best goes furthest!* Bird's 'Quality,' Bird's nutriment, and the exact quantity measure, make the most of every penny spent on Bird's Custard. *Buy Bird's family tin to-day.*

BIRD'S OF BIRMINGHAM, MAKERS OF PURE CUSTARD.

BIRD'S Blanc-Mange. BIRD'S "Spongie." BIRD'S "Puddena." BIRD'S Crystal Jelly. BIRD'S Jelly Tablets. BIRD'S Lemonade, etc.

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- - BEWARE!

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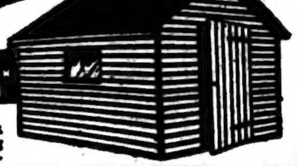

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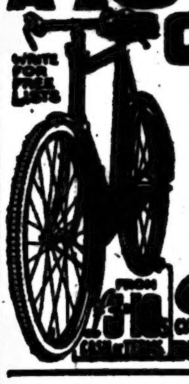

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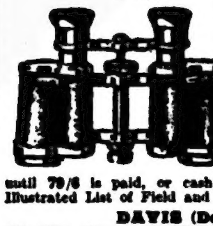

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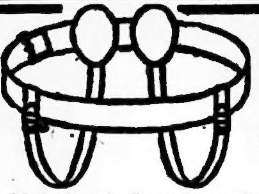

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d.

15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d.

These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such response that we are going to continue the offer of them. Consisting of a strong elastic body band, fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body, and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—"Owing to financial difficulties I purchased your appliance, and find it quite as good as the more expensive ones."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dpt. B.11)
22, Gt. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1

BIG CASH FOR YOU!

Amazing Spare Time offer to 'John Bull' Readers

LET THIS BE YOU

RUN A FIRST-CLASS

XMAS CLUB

AMONG YOUR FRIENDS

Never before have you had such an opportunity of making big money for work you will enjoy doing. Besides your cash commissions you participate in two Great Money Prize Schemes, giving every Agent an equal chance. Why shouldn't **YOU** be one of the lucky winners? Also, every agent receives a **FREE GIFT** according to the success of his Club.

NOT ONE PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY do you send or risk. We do all the paying out from beginning to end. As soon as you become our Agent you are part of our vast organisation; we back and equip you with all good quality Club stationery and show you how to go about this money-making spare time job. Even if you have no experience it does not matter, everyone has to make a start. Just a little enthusiasm and confidence in us and you will quickly find the cash rolling in.

This year's Club values are better than ever—prices are keener and there is a larger selection of goods: Confectionery, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, etc. We enlisted "JOHN BULL" READERS last year and hundreds have already enrolled again. **DO NOT MISS YOUR CHANCE.** We make no rash promises, sell no trash and deliver on time. Remember it costs you nothing, commits you to nothing and you can't fail to put good money in your pocket if you will just follow our advice. Send to-day before it is too late and in return we will send free of charge the beautifully art coloured catalogue and all necessary stationery. Write straight away to:—The Sales Manager.

WESTMINSTER NATIONAL SUPPLIES, LTD.
38, Old Swan Lane, LONDON, E.C.4.

NOW IS THE TIME TO START
A P.C. BRINGS COMPLETE OUTFIT **FREE!**

WEAR this BELT *and keep* SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep. **4/11** 11 ins. deep. **5/11**

Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

Belt exchanged or money refunded if not approved Send P.O. to:—

BEASLEY BELT Dept. 208A
26, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2
Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women.

BABY-CLOTHES

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES **30/-**

(Beautifully home-made and ready for use.) 75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Hat, Coats, Frock Sets, Binders, Turkish Napkins, etc.

FROM THIS WEEK'S TESTIMONIALS: "Certainly cheaper and better than anyone could make. A truly wonderful and genuine bargain, it deserves broadcasting."

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. (Cash or Terms) Mrs. J. B. Howard, 90, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

DO AWAY WITH YOUR AERIAL *and have a* MAUDSLEY AERIAL ELIMINATOR

Suitable for A.C. and Battery sets. Outdoor and indoor aerials are now out of date because this new device makes every set transportable—does away with unsightly erections, yet gives a pleasing, rich, mellow tone you like. No extra wiring, no alteration to set. No more worries with aerial repairs and lightning. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded. Fit the NEW Maudsley device and know perfect radio reception. Send P.O. for 2/3 to:

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MAUDSLEY RADIO (Dept. D.1). Trade enquiries invited. 144, Greenway Ave., Walthamstow, London, E.17.

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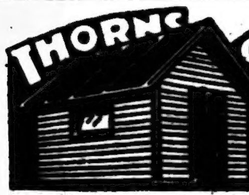

30/- CASH CARR PD 2/6

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use. 5 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.		
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2. 1.0	or	3/8 Monthly.
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Carr. paid. Send for Special Catalogue No. 58 of Sheds 30/-, Garages 78/6, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

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FROM £3-11 CASH or TERMS

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest **COVENTRY BUILT** Cycles and sell **POUNDS CHEAPER** by cutting out Agents' profits. Thousands of 1933 models at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An **ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE.**

SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.

Edwd O'Brien Ltd of COVENTRY

£8 ARMY BELL TENTS

ALL GOOD STOCK, NOT JUNK!

Also better quality £3

Many Other Designs

9ft. 6ins. high.
42ft. circum.
Sleep 21 men.

45/- F.O.R.

Guaranteed perfect in every detail. Genuine Military stock, only little used. Complete in bag, with pole, pegs and guy lines. Made from exceptionally strong durable material. Same pattern new, 90/-.

DON'T WAIT FOR PRICES TO RISE ORDER NOW.

Tent and Camp Equipment List Free.

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8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

GARAGES.

10' x 7'	...	£5	5	0
14' x 8'	...	£7	10	0

HUTS.

6' x 4'	...	£2	1	0
8' x 5'	...	£2	18	0
10' x 7'	...	£4	4	0

Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

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FREE!
DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS CLUB LIST 1933

A BEAUTIFUL PEN SET

AWAITS YOU—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Simply send your name and address on a postcard for **DRIVER'S GREAT CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE**, and details of exactly how you can make Big Money easily by enrolling members for **DRIVER'S FAMOUS CHRISTMAS CLUBS.** Over 300 Pages packed tight with irresistible bargains in Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Toys and Novelties of every description. Lavishly illustrated in full colours. You have only to show the Catalogue to make a member and money for yourself. Driver's are the oldest and most reliable Club Organisers in the Kingdom, and pay the highest rate of commission. Money-making success is certain for Driver's Agents.

To secure your Free Pen Set, send p.c. for Catalogues, etc., NOW to Dept. A,

SAMUEL DRIVER LTD BURTON ROAD LEEDS

EARN MORE MONEY

BY SELLING OUR LATEST RACING CLUB CARDS which are exchangeable for goods suitable for every member of the family. Liberal comm. and postages paid. No outlay. Send for our beautiful catalogue. Our Cards are issued all the year round. Football Cards will be ready shortly. Join us now, it will pay you. Fill in this coupon and post to-day, in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp, to: **JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD.,**
Claremont Works, Wealdstone, Middlesex

COUPON. *Please send me particulars and Goods Catalogue.*

NAME IN FULL (Block Letters)..

ADDRESS IN FULL (Block Letters)..

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NOW OR NEVER!

Your copy guaranteed if you apply by not later than Wednesday next!

SUCH a tremendous number of applications have been received for "John Bull's" stupendous new Presentation—"WONDERS OF THE WORLD," the supplies of which were limited owing to the costly and elaborate printing process involved, that "John Bull," rather than disappoint any one of its readers, is now making special publishing arrangements for additional supplies of this superb Art Production.

These special arrangements, which must be definitely completed by Wednesday next, July 26, enable "John Bull" to extend a LAST-MINUTE OPPORTUNITY to all who have not yet reserved this stupendous work. "John Bull" definitely guarantees a copy of "WONDERS OF THE WORLD" to every reader whose application, on the forms below, is received by not later than first post Wednesday, July 26. There will be a copy for you if you apply NOW.

This is an offer that can never again be made—a special opportunity that all should seize before it is too late. The finest and most costly volume ever offered—the most fascinating book in the world—IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING. HURRY! Send the forms below by the very next post.

This marvellous, entirely new work is the finest and most fascinating ever offered to readers of any journal—a large-size library Edition of over 760 pages in which is displayed the most complete, up-to-date and awe-inspiring collection of illustrations of world wonders ever assembled.

OVER 1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS

Opening with a foreword by Sir Philip Gibbs, this gigantic work unfolds the most fascinating story of all time—the story of man's greatest achievements and of Nature's cataclysms, phenomena and freaks.

Over 1,000 astounding pictures, reproduced from actual photographs gathered from the four corners of the earth, are here to show you sights and scenes beyond imagination. Here are depicted **marvels that few have seen or heard of**—things monstrous, weird, mysterious, terrifying, grandiose, that almost beggar description.

Parents especially must have this astounding work—not only for their own lifelong entertainment, but as a magic carpet that will transport their children into fairylands of knowledge.

MARVELLOUS 300,000 WORD STORY

Far more fascinating than any novel is the vivid 300,000 word story, printed in large clear type, that runs through this great book. **No atlas or encyclopædia—no other book in the world, in fact—can give you anywhere near the same astonishing information** and the endless pleasure that this magnificent volume holds for you and your family.

The most modern, skilled craftsmanship has been applied to the binding and general production of this work. The covers are bound in beautiful Blue Grained Cloth. The title is embossed in real gold leaf on the spine. On the front cover and spine are handsome embossed designs. The volume has a superb frontispiece in full colours. It contains specially designed end-papers. The actual size is 10¾ in. deep by 7¼ in. wide, and it weighs over 3¼ lb.

ALL THAT YOU HAVE TO DO

First read the simple conditions on the opposite page, then fill in Form "A" together with the label and post at once to "John Bull."

On receipt of Form "A," together with label attached and bearing a halfpenny stamp, "John Bull" will immediately post to you your "Wonders of the World" Presentation Voucher.

POST YOUR FORMS TO-DAY!

Act instantly! Never again will such a magnificent opportunity as this come your way. Complete the forms below and post to-day or it will be too late!

It is a condition of this offer that if your newsagent has not already received from you a written order to deliver "John Bull" every week, you should hand Form "B" below to him at once.

AN AMAZING FREE GIFT

Every applicant for the "Wonders of the World" is invited to obtain, in addition, an amazing Free Gift—worth at least half a guinea. Look in the "surprise" packet that comes to you with your Voucher.

MARVELS you would never otherwise see

BELOW are descriptions of a few of the many hundreds of little known Wonders in this Presentation work. It is a volume that shows you marvels you would never otherwise see.

TOWER OF SILENCE—erected for the disposal of the dead. Bodies are placed there naked to be devoured by vultures.

CRABS BIGGER THAN MAN—hidden away in the far-famed rocks of Enoshima lie giant crabs stretching 10 ft. from claw to claw.

FATHER TIME'S QUEEREST RECORDER—a monster hour glass, 500 years old, worked entirely by water.

SEA OF SAND—vast deserts, continually shifting, resembling a stormy sea.

HALL OF THE DEAD—amazing picture of inside of Catacombs where the dead are interred standing upright in their clothes.

TREES OF STONE—over 10 square miles of the most amazing forest in the world.

TOMB OF EVE—a reputed grand resting place of the mother of all living. 500 ft. long and 10 ft. wide.

SCOURGE OF THE DESERT—a marvellous close-up photograph of one of Sahara's mighty sand-storms—sudden and terrifying—sweeping all before it.

DAILY TIDAL WAVE—an awe-inspiring photograph of a mighty tidal wave that roars up the Tsien-Tang river every low tide, sometimes reaching a height of over 20 ft.

MYSTERY TOMB OF THE PHILIPPINES—An unbelievable burial place. It has been called "the vault of a myriad skulls."

THE WALLS OF JERICHO—mighty, mysterious ramparts of Biblical fame—as revealed by recent excavations.

GOLDEN TOMBS OF THIBET—made of pure gold studded with turquoises and precious stones; guarded by over 4,500 monks.

MYSTERIOUS CANNIBAL TEMPLE—a unique photograph of a diabolical place of sacrifice.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

the famous novelist, war correspondent and traveller, has written a remarkable introduction to "John Bull's" great new Presentation "Wonders of the World." Below we publish a few of his phrases in which are revealed the tremendous fascination this great work holds both for young and old:—

"Here is a book of enchantment. Its pages are crowded with the illumination of nature and mankind.

"Here are things more romantic and fantastic than any imagined by the fiction writer.

"It is a magic casement through which, without stirring from a chair, we may see far lands which most of us may never hope to visit.

"For the younger mind it is an introduction to the marvels of the world from the beginning of human history to the present day.

"To older minds it is a panorama of astonishing range which they can enjoy in the ease of slippered feet, with the thrill of other people's explorations."

ACT NOW! Use the forms below immediately. If you have already reserved your "Wonders of the World" hand these pages to a friend.

CUT ROUND DOTTED LINE

Important ***If your Newsagent has NOT a written order from you for the regular delivery of "John Bull" you MUST hand him the Order Form below.***

B **HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT**

JOHN BULL
TWO-PENCE WEEKLY
ORDER FORM

To Mr. .... (Newsagent)

Address... ....

....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address ....

....

Date..............................

A POST AT ONCE!

Final Reservation Form

NOT AVAILABLE *unless received by not later than first post* **Wednesday, July 26.**

TO "John Bull," Dept. (J.B.3), 3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

N.B.—You must complete label on right. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send label with this Reservation Form—give **your** name and full postal address.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Presentation volume, the **"Wonders of the World."** Please send me by return a **SPECIAL VOUCHER** on which to qualify. My newsagent (whose name and address is given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Name ....
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address ....

....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name of Newsagent..............................

Address ....

Date ....

Leave Blank. Checked and Verified.

District Supervisor.

IMPORTANT.—The "Wonders of the World" cannot be reserved in your name unless you complete label on right as directed and send it in together with this Form A. You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Please do NOT enclose any cash or other Correspondence. J.B., 22/7/33

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

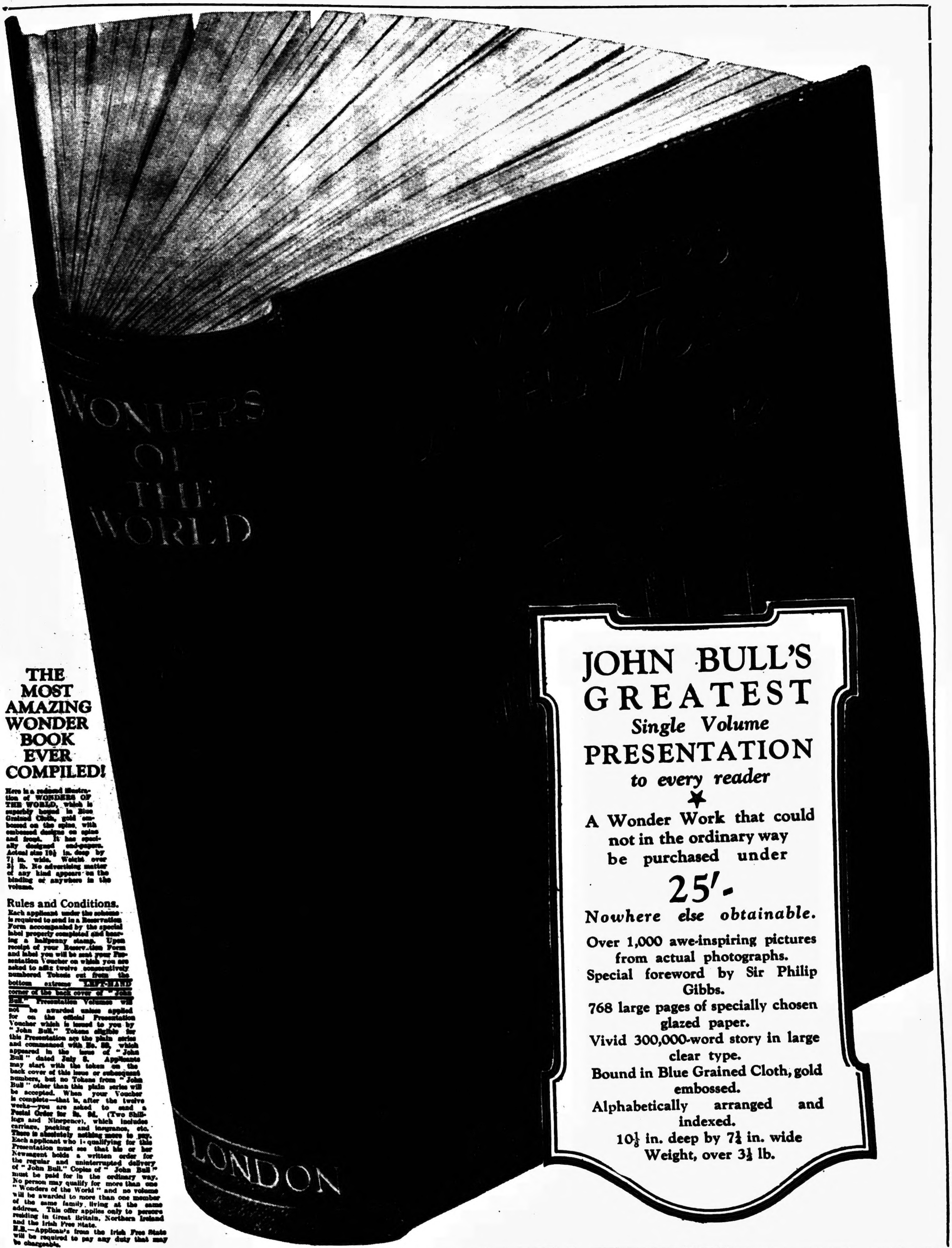
Name ....

Full Postal Address

....

....

....



THE MOST AMAZING WONDER BOOK EVER COMPILED!

Here is a reduced illustration of WONDERS OF THE WORLD, which is superbly bound in Blue Grained Cloth, gold embossed on the spine, with embossed designs on spine and front. It has specially designed end-papers. Actual size 10⅛ in. deep by 7¼ in. wide. Weight over 3½ lb. No advertising matter of any kind appears on the binding or anywhere in the volume.

Rules and Conditions.

Each applicant under the scheme is required to send in a Reservation Form accompanied by the special label properly completed and bearing a halfpenny stamp. Upon receipt of your Reservation Form and label you will be sent your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix twelve consecutively numbered Tokens cut from the bottom extreme "LEFT-HAND" corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Presentation Volumes will not be awarded unless applied for on the official Presentation Voucher which is issued to you by "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this Presentation are the plain series and commenced with No. 53, which appeared in the issue of "John Bull" dated July 8. Applicants may start with the token on the back cover of this issue or subsequent numbers, but no Tokens from "John Bull" other than this plain series will be accepted. When your Voucher is complete—that is, after the twelve weeks—you are asked to send a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. (Two Shillings and Ninepence), which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc. There is absolutely nothing more to pay. Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her Newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. No person may qualify for more than one "Wonders of the World" and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

JOHN BULL'S GREATEST

Single Volume

PRESENTATION

to every reader

★

A Wonder Work that could not in the ordinary way be purchased under

25/-

Nowhere else obtainable.

Over 1,000 awe-inspiring pictures from actual photographs.

Special foreword by Sir Philip Gibbs.

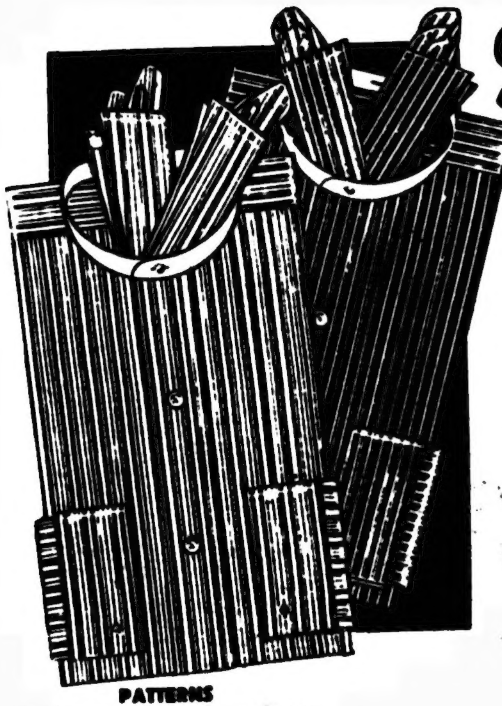
768 large pages of specially chosen glazed paper.

Vivid 300,000-word story in large clear type.

Bound in Blue Grained Cloth, gold embossed.

Alphabetically arranged and indexed.

10⅛ in. deep by 7¼ in. wide
Weight, over 3½ lb.



PATTERNS
A. Brown—narrow stripes.
B. Blue—narrow stripes.
C. Blue—wide stripes.
D. Brown—wide stripes.

SHORT TERM OFFER
SHIRTS

BRITISH MADE

FINE POPLIN, GUARANTEED FADELESS, WITH TWO COLLARS TO MATCH

This offer will run until closing date is advertised (*Closing Date will not be before August 31st.*)

A SHIRT AND 2 COLLARS ARE YOURS FOR ONLY 150 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS (OR 75 FRONT PANELS FROM 10's PACKETS)

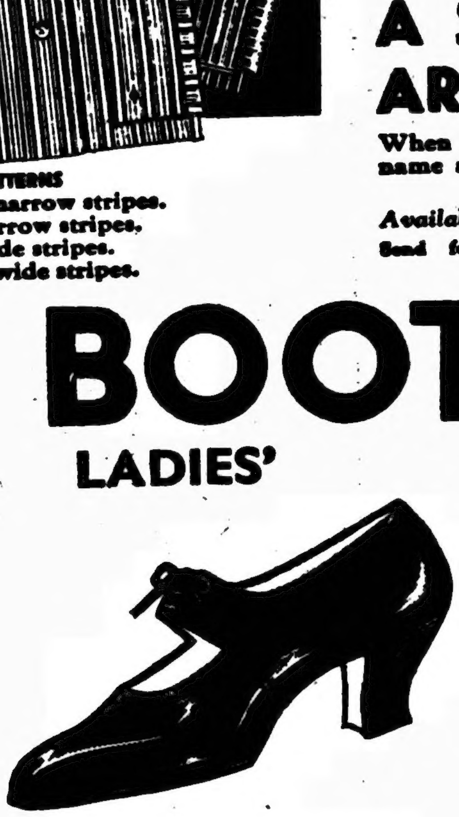
When you have collected 150 empty 'CLUBS' fives packets (or 75 tens packets) send them with your name and address. State clearly whether pattern A, B, C or D is required. Also state size of outside collar worn (not neckband).

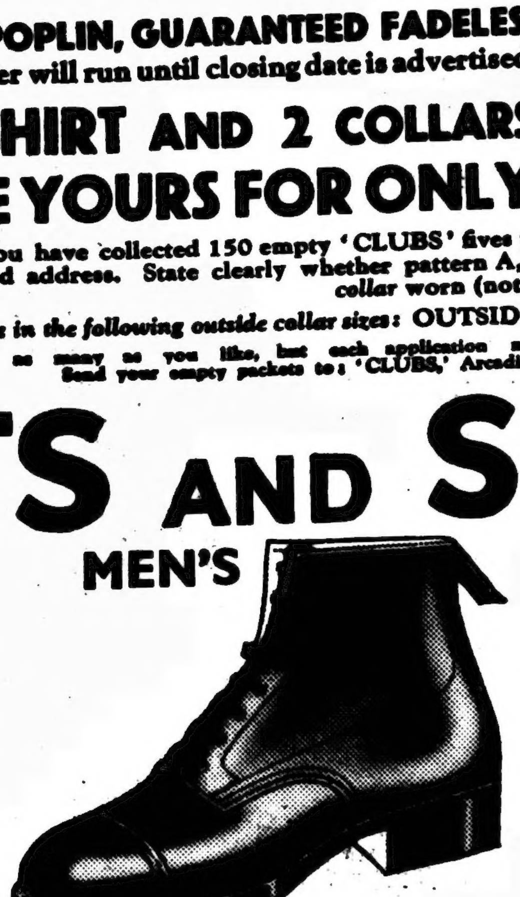
Available in the following outside collar sizes: OUTSIDE COLLAR:—14", 14½", 15", 15½", 16", 16½", 17"

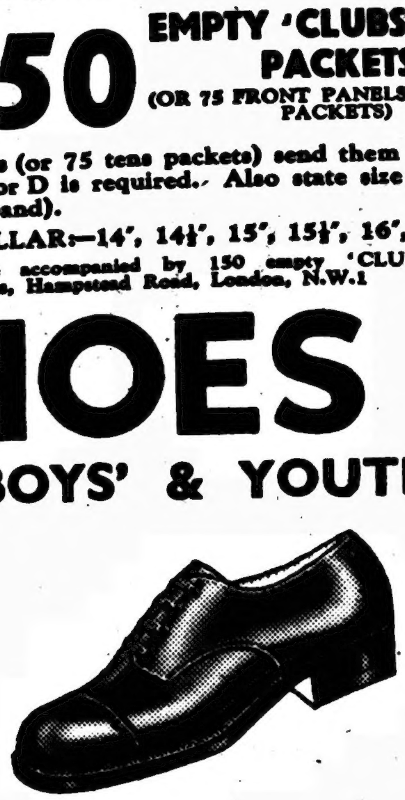
Send for as many as you like, but each application must be accompanied by 150 empty 'CLUBS' packets. Send your empty packets to: 'CLUBS,' Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1

BOOTS AND SHOES

LADIES' **MEN'S** **BOYS' & YOUTHS'**







A PAIR OF LADIES' SHOES
250 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS or 125 FRONT PANELS FROM 10's PACKETS

A PAIR of MEN'S BOOTS or SHOES
285 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS OR 142 FRONT PANELS FROM 10's PACKETS

A PAIR of BOYS' or YOUTHS' BOOTS OR SHOES
260 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS OR 130 FRONT PANELS FROM 10's PACKETS

SEND *for illustrated leaflet giving full details of styles and sizes to—*
'CLUBS'
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W. 1.

CARRERAS'

'CLUBS'

The best 5 for 2d. cigarettes

ABOVE OFFERS EXTENDED FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD
[CLOSING DATE WILL BE ADVERTISED BUT WILL NOT BE BEFORE AUG. 31st.]

OUR GREATEST OF ALL OFFERS

WILL BE ANNOUNCED TO REGULAR SMOKERS DURING AUGUST

When we make this announcement, names that appear on our lists of applications for articles since any of our offers began **WILL BE GIVEN EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE AND PREFERENCE**, so it will pay you to keep on smoking 'CLUBS,' and to send in for the above offers NOW and get your name on our list. ✱

KEEP ON SAVING YOUR PACKETS FOR THE NEXT OFFER.

C.1

'CLUBS' LEAD AND ALWAYS WILL FOR VALUE IN THE 100% PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES AND QUALITY OFFERS

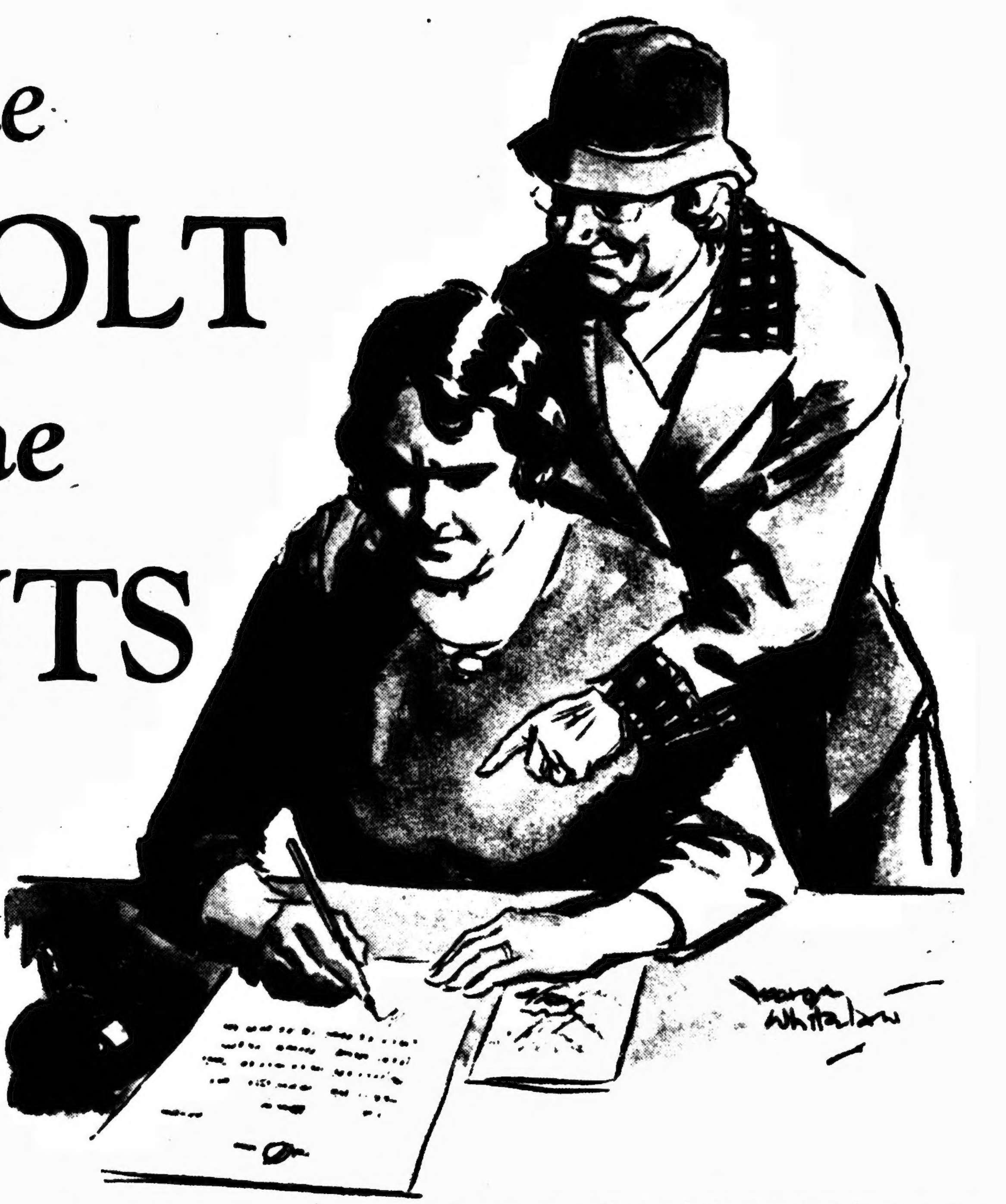
JOHN BULL

"John Bull," 22/7/33.

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,
for week ending Saturday, July 22, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone:
TEMPLE BAR 2468.
Telegrams:
HEROICALLY, LONDON.

The REVOLT of the PARENTS



Parents are induced by so-called welfare workers to sign orders, without being aware that they are signing away their children's liberty for life

WE are not surprised to find definite public signs of the growing revolt of parents against the tyrannical powers of the Lunacy Board of Control.

Cases are now being fairly frequently reported of parents who are summoned before magistrates because they refuse to have their children immured for life in mental defective homes, very often for no other reason than that the youngsters are rather backward in their school lessons.

There was a case the other day at Newport where a father took his daughter from one of these "homes" and refused to return her or disclose her whereabouts. The father told the magistrates that he did not consent to the child being sent to the home. His wife had signed a paper when he was at work.

A little previous to this, great publicity was given to the case of the girl, Doris Ashton, whose mother bluntly told the Tottenham magistrates that she would sooner go to jail herself than reveal to the emissaries of the Lunacy Board of Control the whereabouts of her daughter.

What astounds us is that so many newspapers should suddenly evince shocked surprise that such a monstrous tyranny exists as that exercised by the Board of Control over the lives of the children of the working-classes.

These newspapers can't have their eyes very wide open. Why, for many, many years now JOHN BULL has been carrying on a vigorous campaign against these official kidnappers.

WE have exposed their execrable methods time after time. We have printed the heartbreaking stories of scores of mothers and fathers who have had their children snatched away from them for ever.

That is why we do not share the surprise of other newspapers at finding the parents in open revolt.

We have warned the authorities time and again that unless some very important alterations are made in the law which gives the Board of Control powers over human liberty such as can only be compared with those of the Star Chamber, the working-class parents of this country will be driven to break the law in defence of their most sacred rights.

It looks now as though our words are coming true, and that magistrates are in for a busy and difficult time.

Difficult indeed it is for a magistrate of humane tendencies to have to administer penalties to a parent whose only crime is that he (or she) does not want to be separated for life from a son or daughter, very often because some officious woman welfare worker thinks the child would be "far better off in a home."

One of the very worst features of the methods of the Board of Control's horde of officials and "voluntary workers" is the way in which ignorant parents are induced to sign orders for their backward children to be admitted into lunacy establishments, without it really being made clear to them that they are signing away their children's liberty for ever.

Once in one of these mental defective homes, the child is practically a prisoner for life. One mother will be induced to part with her child because she thinks it is going to a "convalescent home" for a brief spell of treatment. Another is led to believe that a nice "summer holiday" awaits her child.

Only this week a poor mother wrote to JOHN BULL for advice. She is being asked to get her sixteen-year-old daughter ready for despatch to a "Colony" under the Board of Control. The mother tells us she is agreeable if the child can come home after she has been away for, say, eighteen months.

POOR mother, indeed! We can't advise her to refuse to deliver up the body of her daughter. That would be advising her to break the law. But we fear very much, from our long experience in these matters, that once her girl has become an inmate of the colony she will not return home either at the end of eighteen months or eighteen years. She will be a lifelong captive, and the only satisfaction the mother will get is that she will be allowed to pay periodical visits to the daughter who once was hers.

It is inevitable that once the public conscience is fully aroused against the harsh and tyrannous methods of the Board of Control, the outcry will be so great as to force a profound change in the Mental Deficiency Acts under which thousands of homes are plunged into misery every year.

A common criminal has the right of appeal against his sentence. The country, when it realises the true facts of the situation, will demand that the innocent child is given the same right, and that because a little girl or boy is backward in lessons he or she shall not necessarily be torn away for ever from its parents.

Thanks to JOHN BULL's long and unwearied efforts, public opinion is now being educated on the question of this great social scandal. We have the greatest satisfaction in informing our readers that a very famous playwright is at the present moment writing a play based on the evils of the administration of our mental deficiency laws.

HE was originally roused to interest in the subject by articles which he read in JOHN BULL. He made his own enquiries over a long period, and we anticipate that the result will be as powerful an instrument for the reform of our lunacy laws as John Galsworthy's play "Justice" was for the amelioration of prison conditions.

We welcome such a powerful addition to the propaganda for the great cause we have at heart. Just as we welcome the support—though it has been very late in coming—of other newspapers and journals. We shall not even be jealous of them if, now that the victory seems likely to be won, they appropriate an undue share of the laurels.

Why should we be? Over half the nation—including the Board of Control—knows that JOHN BULL, alone and unaided, has fought the great fight for years. Our concern is not with laurels for ourselves, but with justice for poor parents.

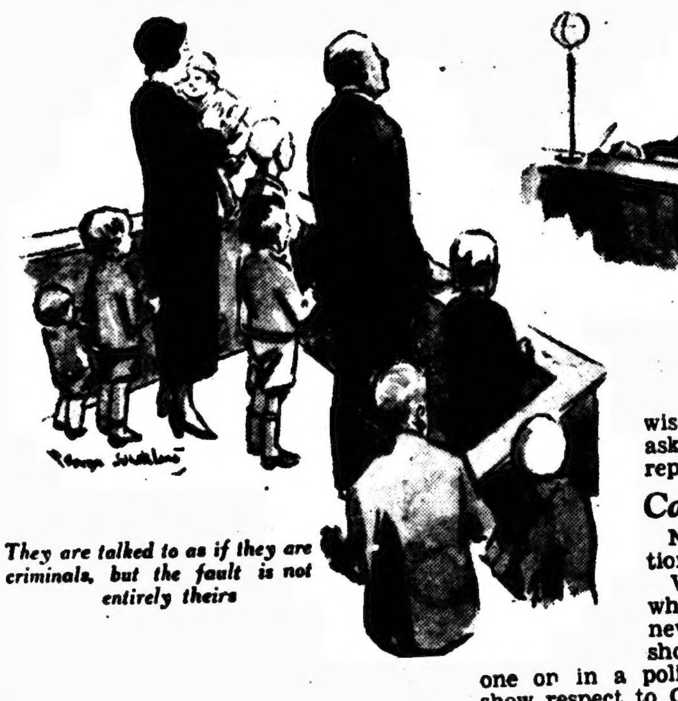
So long as they get it we are content.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The New Sin—Being Father of a Large Family

More Health Ministry Spoof

Pigs Worth More than Men



They are talked to as if they are criminals, but the fault is not entirely theirs

So now we know.

It is "improper" to have large families to-day.

Judge Longson has told an unemployed father of seven children, who found himself in the county court at Long Eaton, that he has no right to expect sympathy.

What the judge really meant when he used the word "improper" was "uneconomic." Anything that is uneconomic in these hard and penurious times is wrong That is why large families are no longer the pride and glory they were fifty or sixty years ago.

The man with his quiver full gets a kick now, not a medal.

Be fair to fathers

While we quite agree that the large family is uneconomic, and therefore to be deplored in present conditions, nevertheless we don't think it altogether fair to talk to a heavy father as if he were beyond the pale.

After all, he is the victim of circumstances like the rest of us. The Depression is a comparatively recent occurrence. You can't expect the ordinary human being to be wise before such an event, or even to be wise just after.

Wisdom will come

If hard times go on for a decade or so, as Mr. Neville Chamberlain once predicted, fathers will probably learn wisdom, and keep their brood down to rational limits. They will adapt themselves to environment, as mankind has always done in its struggle for existence.

Who knows but that in fifty years' time we may find some judge or other denouncing a father because he hasn't produced enough children?

They may be at a premium then, as they are now in Italy and Germany—though it is to be hoped they won't be desirable merely as cannon-fodder.

Who's to blame?

If you are going to blame fathers for having too many children it is only fair also to blame politicians for having too few ideas for providing the fathers with work.

The two things are ends of the same attack.

There is Mr. Runciman, for instance, who says that the Government will not reopen unemployment relief schemes no matter what happens.

Well, what does he propose to do to remedy the present state of affairs?

The ideal apparently is for fathers to have fewer children and politicians more real ideas.

Spoof

Which brings us to the Minister of Health and to the personage who supplies him with the material for his public speeches.

He should be instantly retired, so ridiculous is the kind of spoof he prepares for Sir Hilton Young's mouth.

He must have been at his tricks again when the Minister said that, despite the years of unemployment, there was no evidence of malnutrition among the families of the workless millions.

What rot! We know that the physique of children in the distressed areas is being ruined by scant and improper food

Attack—by words

In rosy phrases, Sir Hilton also described the progress of the "war against slums."

But we know that practically nothing has been done.

The evidence of slum clearance given by the Minister was that 130,000 more men were employed in the building trades in May than in January.

He didn't seem to realise that this is only a normal fluctuation because the building industry is always quietest in winter months.

Spreading work

Still, the second thoughts of another Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, are better than his first. He has now wisely asked employers and employed to consider voluntary schemes for spreading work over the greatest number of workers.

Well, we are glad that even Cabinet Ministers are gradually coming to realise that there is something to be said for the forty-hour week.

But why did Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues oppose this fine idea when it was raised at Geneva?

Pigs is pigs

We are relieved to see that the Home Office is investigating the great chemical fire at Bow, East London.

People living near the wrecked factory have been in dread of a catastrophe for years, and though there have been two serious fires previously the local council ignored their request that operations in certain chemicals should be removed farther away from the houses.

Yet, though human beings may be subjected to this danger, pigs may not be kept within fifty yards of the factory!

Yes, the Government must see that this monstrous situation is ended for good

Luckiest of escapes

The luckiest man of the week is a Sheffield telegraph engineer.

He was working at the top of a telegraph pole when he slipped and fell. Landing hands foremost on the shoulders of a passing boy, he turned a somersault and dropped on his feet!

The boy ran away terrified, otherwise we imagine the engineer would have hugged him.

Whose property?

When an inquest was held on a roadsweeper at Battersea his son said that twenty years ago the old man shot himself in the head, and the skull shown to the coroner by the police surgeon had a bullet "mushroomed" in it.

The police surgeon added that he had shown the skull to Sir Bernard Spilsbury the Home Office pathologist, who said he would like it. The surgeon's comment was that he would leave it to Sir Bernard in his will.

If this means that police surgeons may appropriate parts of bodies which they have to examine, we are more than a little surprised. But we sincerely hope that it doesn't mean anything of the sort

Through his hat

We hope, too, that General Lushington doesn't mean all that his words suggest.

He is chairman of the Aldershot Bench, and some time ago criticised a woman for appearing hatless in his court. Now he has asked another hatless woman witness if she thinks she can take an oath with due respect to God without a hat.

Presumably he thinks she can't, otherwise he wouldn't have asked the question and repeated it.

Can he?

Now, we have a question to put to him.

We want to know why a woman who never wears a hat should have to put one on in a police court in order to show respect to God.

We put that query in all reverence, and we hope General Lushington will answer.

If he can't, we hope he gives the subject of women's dress a long rest.

A fine judge

And what does "light work" mean? Judge Cluer thinks it a ridiculous phrase which means nothing, and we think he is right.

A man who had been seriously injured was said to be able to undertake "light work," and he agreed to accept a lump sum of £250 as compensation.

"Who is likely to employ you?" asked the judge. "£250 is not enough"—so the man changed his mind.

We have heard of many such instances of Judge Cluer's shrewdness—and we hope to hear many more.

Snub for snobs

But we don't want to hear of any more snobs like those in Coalville, Leicestershire.

Finding that council houses were to be erected near the town, nearly two hundred ratepayers protested to Whitehall that the value of their houses would be thereby depreciated.

We are glad that Whitehall has ignored them, and, of course, we hope their fears will not be realised.

We are pretty sure, too, that they want to see an end to the disgraceful overcrowding in our towns. But where do they suggest new houses should be built—at the North Pole?

Strange but true

Swansea is another curious town. There it seems that the graver the crime, the lighter the punishment.

Take the case of Fred Bentley, a humble hawker.

Selling gooseberries from a handcart, he stopped to serve a regular customer in a prohibited street.

He duly made his appearance in the police court and was fined 10s. Not very much, certainly, but now see how they do things at Swansea Assizes.

The quality of mercy

A postman was indicted for wounding a farmer with a knife. His counsel pleaded that he was of good character except for violent temper when "in drink."

Apparently that is a good excuse, for he was merely bound over.

We can only express the hope that if the gooseberry hawker ever again sells gooseberries in a prohibited area he will be taken to the assizes and plead that his downfall is due to drink.

Strange

We were also interested in the story of the Liverpool woman who is said to have drawn nearly £1,000 in pension because, it is alleged, she committed bigamy!

The chief constable says that while her husband was on war service she "married" another soldier who was later killed in action. When her lawful husband was demobilised she received him as though nothing had happened and, unknown to him, drew a pension for the death of the other man.

It is alleged that she has been drawing this pension ever since.

If this is true, we should like to know how it is possible to defraud the Ministry of Pensions for fifteen years before enquiries are made.

Donkeydom

We were rather surprised that the Scottish Appeal Court has decided that the "tote" is illegal on dog tracks and in clubs in Scotland. For two years ago the same court decided otherwise.

We know that Parliament is chiefly to blame for passing confused and muddle-headed laws. But if judges are going to change their minds every year or so Britain will soon become a paradise for lawyers and a purgatory for everyone else.

Forced into crime

A Flying Squad detective (all honour to him) caused Mr. Dummett, the Bow Street magistrate, to cancel a sentence on an elderly man for pocket-picking.

The detective said the man had been working honestly for a long time, but had been blackmailed by a gang of pickpockets who had been using him for their own ends.

Mr. Dummett said that if the blackguards exerted any more pressure on the man he would stop it if he could, and if Mr. Dummett has the luck to have them haled before him, we hope he will pile it on just as heavily as the law allows him.

Arms and the policeman

Everything comes to those who wait—anyway, the Government has at last met our demands for stern action against the gunmen.

We give unqualified approval to its new Bill, which will be carried into law by the end of the year.

It deals not only with real firearms, but with toy pistols, and the bandit using either to resist arrest may be sent to penal servitude for fourteen years.

We confidently expect a sudden change of employment for many of our bandits.

Not the Flying Squad

Incidentally, Lord Trenchard is enlarging the Flying Squad, so he should be interested in this little story.

A London house was burgled while the owner was on holiday. After the family returned, a man was found on the doorstep one morning wearing one of the stolen suits. He hastily went off, and the householder promptly telephoned for the police, only to be told that no constable was available at the moment.

It will surprise you to know that not till nine hours later did a policeman arrive to make enquiries.

The other side

We have said so much about bad employers lately that we can't help relating this little story of a Liverpool employer to show the other side of the picture.

When one of his men was summoned for keeping a dog without a licence, he appeared in his place so that the man should not lose a day's pay, paid a fine and bought a licence.

And when asked if the money would be deducted from the man's wages he replied, "Good lord, no!"

A little story, as we have said. But there's a big lesson in it.

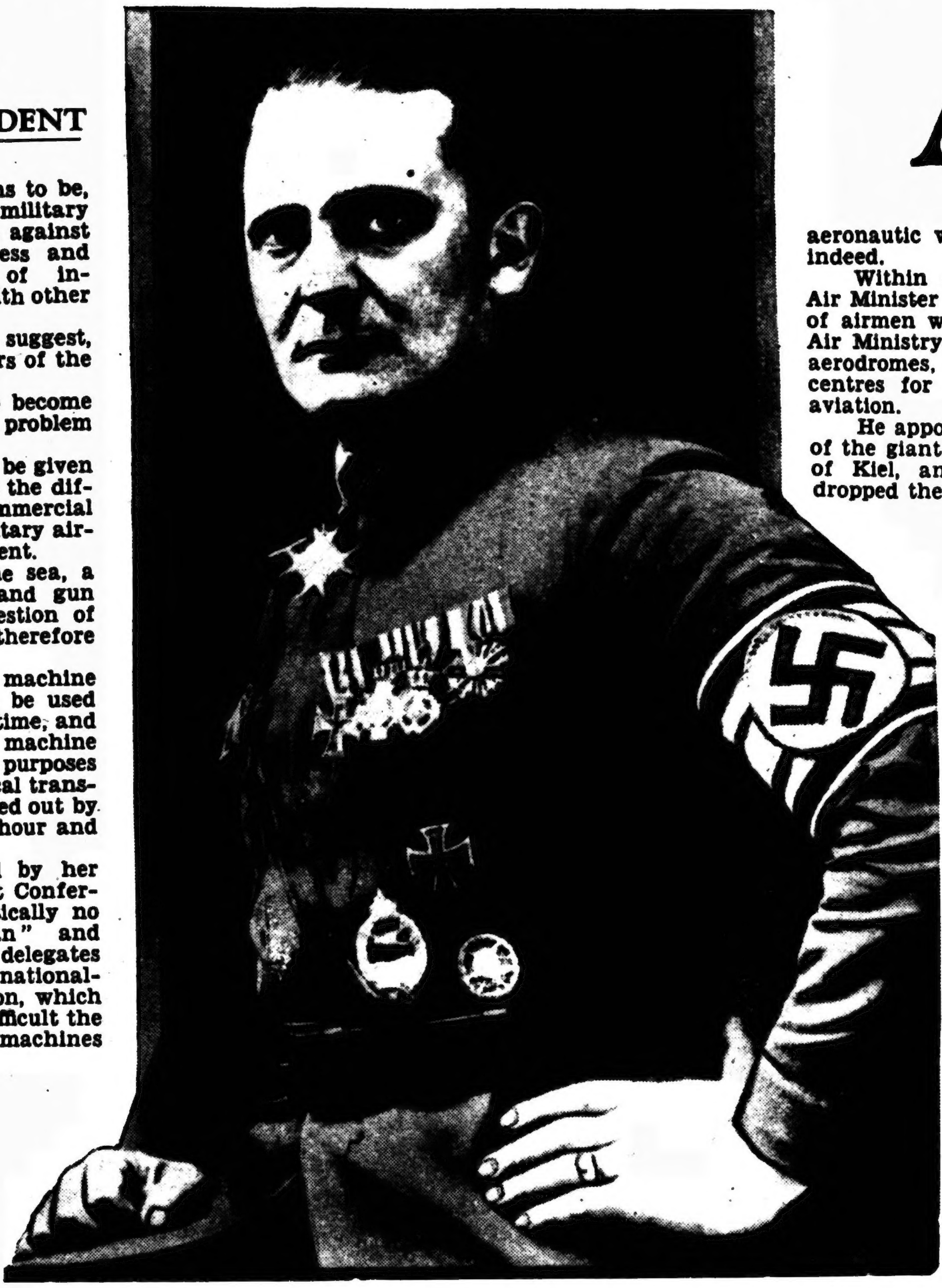
By request

Mr. Henry Bancroft, the well-known managing director of kinemas in East Anglia, has asked us to say that he is in no way connected or related to Harry B. Bancroft, whose theatrical activities in Harrogate were criticised in our issue of July 8

We willingly comply with his request.

GERMANY RULES the AIR

by A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



War Lord of the Air, Captain Goering . . . "The Disarmament Conference must reckon with him"

IS Germany, as she claims to be, entirely deprived of military aeroplanes, defenceless against air raids, in a hopeless and scandalous position of inequality as compared with other nations?

Or is she now, as others suggest, one of the strongest air Powers of the world, perhaps the strongest?

This question is likely to become soon the crucial Peace-or-War problem in Europe.

The answer to it can only be given if we make it quite clear that the difference between so-called commercial or sporting machines and military aircraft is practically non-existent.

It is not, as it is on the sea, a question of plate armours and gun calibres. It is merely a question of speed and carrying capacity; therefore a question of horse-power.

Every so-called sporting machine which is speedy enough can be used as a fighting machine in war time, and every so-called commercial machine can be used for bombing purposes through a very simple technical transformation which can be carried out by two or three men within an hour and at the cost of a few pounds.

Germany herself proved by her attitude at the Disarmament Conference that there exists practically no difference between "civilian" and military aviation when her delegates opposed the suggested internationalisation of commercial aviation, which would have rendered more difficult the misuse of her Luft-Hansa machines for war purposes.

She has been for years the leading country in commercial aviation. The Luft-Hansa, which is in Germany what the Imperial Airways is in Great Britain, is the best organised aerial traffic concern on the Continent. It has more machines of the highest standard than any other concern, from the smallest four-seaters up to the giants that can carry fifty passengers or several tons of freight. It has more regular lines and more first-class pilots than perhaps any other air company in the world.

State owned

AND the Luft-Hansa is now exclusively the property of the German State.

Its shares belong theoretically to the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdener Bank and the Hamburg-Amerika Line, but these bank and shipping enterprises all had to be rescued by the State, which has now become their owner and controller.

Moreover, one of the Luft-Hansa chiefs, Herr Milch, was appointed to a prominent post in the newly created German Air Ministry the day after Captain Goering became its Minister.

All German aeroplane factories like Junkers, Heinkel and Klemm now depend completely on subsidies and orders from the Government.

As to pleasure flying in Germany, it has for years been tremendously and successfully developed. In the famous International Air Trophy contest, which used to take place every year, Germany several times won the first prize with men like Morczick, Poss and others, against first-class British, French, Italian and other competitors; so that the German Aero Club was repeatedly in charge of organising the race.

Not only was this due to the skill of the pilots in the mainly sporting tests like short and exact landing and quick mounting, but even more to the speed of their machines in the long-distance tests, in which the German aeroplanes were at least equal to those of their rivals, military or civilian, except perhaps the few specialised British and Italian Schneider Trophy record-breakers.

Yet official German disarmament propaganda credits France with having 2,300 military and naval aeroplanes, Britain 1,500, Italy 1,500, Poland 700, Czecho-Slovakia 700, Belgium 200, and Germany nil.

But this is merely propaganda—in the eyes of foreign observers not worth the paper on which it is printed.

Everyone "in the know" is aware that the actual comparative figures, even before Hitler came to power, were distinctly disquieting for Germany's neighbours.

The strong man

NOW Hitler has been in office for close on six months. And beside him is Captain Goering, Air Minister of the Reich, Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior of Prussia, and President of the Reichstag all in one—the strongest man in Germany to-day.

Whatever one may think about him and his methods of government, it must be admitted that he is a man of action who knows what he wants.

He was himself one of the most famous German "aces" during the war. Afterwards he became director of the South German Luft-Hansa in Munich, and his personal prestige in the aeronautic world of Germany stands very high indeed.

Within a few days of his appointment as Air Minister Captain Goering provided hundreds of airmen with high and well-paid posts at the Air Ministry, in the Luft-Hansa concern, at the aerodromes, in the factories, and at the training centres for so-called sporting and commercial aviation.

He appointed Captain Christiansen, the pilot of the giant air-cruiser *Do X*, chief of the police of Kiel, and Lieutenant von Hiddessen, who dropped the first bombs over Paris in September, 1914, Police Chief of Waldenburg, in Silesia.

No wonder that practically all Germany's airmen have become Nazis.

Hitler's Government is doing more for aviation than any former German Government has done, and more than any Government in the world is doing, except perhaps that of Mussolini.

Hitler himself has set an example of the flying spirit. He used aeroplanes for years for his election tours throughout Germany, and now he and his colleagues are spending a good part of their lives in the air.

New pilots

ONE of Captain Goering's first acts as Air Minister was to create a special blue uniform for pilots. This was the first move towards the organisation of an openly militarised air force, which has already become a formidable reality.

Thousands of new pilots have been trained within the last few months, and their number increases by hundreds every week.

A special department for "air education" has been organised under the recently created German Youth Board, which has amalgamated compulsorily all existing Youth Societies. This means that flying will become part of the "physical" education of Germany's youth, or at least of the reliable Nazi elements in it.

Within a year Germany may thus easily have more airmen and aeroplanes than all her neighbours put together. Her aeroplane factories are working day and night. The shares of motor factories also making aeroplanes, like Bayerische Motorenwerk and Daimler, have risen considerably within the last months, while almost all other industrial shares, unless concerned with armaments, have slumped during the same period.

The Budget figures of the newly created Air Ministry were issued the other day for the first time.

They amount for the Budget year 1933-34 to 80,000,000 marks (£4,000,000), and that is only the sum which is publicly admitted.

Captain Goering believes—and is acting on his belief—that the next war will mainly, if not almost entirely, be an air war—a question of bombing with poison-gas the cities and factories of the enemy.

And while other countries are spending many millions on warships, fortifications, infantry, cavalry and so on, he knows that with a much smaller outlay and within a much shorter time he will be able to secure for Germany supremacy in the decisive weapon of the war of the future.

The Disarmament Conference must reckon with Captain Goering, Germany's War Lord of the air.

Otherwise it may be too late. He could justly claim that even to-day Germany rules the air. Or, certainly, soon will.

TAPPING the Tides—the £50,000,000 Job We Can't Afford to Lose

WROTE Shakespeare:

> *There is a tide in the affairs of men,*
> *Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;*
> *Omitted, all the voyage of their life,*
> *Is bound in shallows and in miseries.*

This quotation ought to be blazoned across Downing Street and along the banks of the Severn. For in the Severn Valley we have a magnificent chance—perhaps the finest in the whole world—of making a fortune out of the tides.

And the question whether we are going to take this tide at the flood or let it slip away uselessly rests with Downing Street.

Without the Government we cannot move a single step in the biggest and most original enterprise before the country. With the Government we might start right away on a scheme that will vitalise £50.000,000 of our idle capital and keep many thousands of men at work for the next fifteen years or more.

The scheme is one for making cheap electricity by harnessing the tides.

When James Watt showed his steam engine to a royal personage, he said, "I offer you what monarchs most desire—power!" But monarchs are not alone in their quest for power. Inventors have sought it ever since the world was young.

Golden flood

They found it first in wind and water. The ancient water-wheel has grown into the giant hydro-electric systems that flourish in Italy, Canada, the United States, Switzerland, and in our own mountains. The ancient windmill, too, is still with us, and schemes are on foot—or at least on paper—to build huge towers to harness the gales that blow so continuously at great heights.

Coal and oil are our chief sources of power to-day, but men have never ceased to dream of using the boundless forces that surge in the waves and tides of the sea.

Wave-motors are hopeless, since waves are erratic and uncontrollable, and either a calm or a storm will put the motors out of action. But the tides are a different story.

Twice every day the pull of the sun and moon raises masses of water ten, twenty, thirty feet, and lets them sink again. There is enough power there to drive all the machinery that man can pack upon the earth.

If only we can harness it!

Coal is "bottled sunshine." The bottling, which was done in the teeming fern forests of the Coal Age millions of years ago, enables us to use coal power, which is sunshine power.

The only way tidal power can be bottled is in a river like the Severn. Flowing up the narrowing Bristol Channel and thence up the bed of the river, the tidal water piles itself higher and higher.

At high water it rises as much as twenty-three feet above sea level when it reaches Beachley, near Gloucester. The rush of water on certain occasions forms a tidal wave called the Severn Bore. By trapping this flood and harnessing it, we can get, *with each tide,* close on 5,000,000 units of electricity—nearly enough to drive the London Underground Railway system for half a day.

Expert blessing

The trap we require is a barrage—a concrete dam with gates opened when the tide rises and closed when it begins to fall. The water thus trapped can be used to work water turbines that produce electricity.

Eight years ago the Government appointed an expert committee of engineers and business men to look into this unique project.

Unlike the scheme itself, there was nothing sensational about this committee. No daring pioneers, no engineering revolutionaries were included; the chosen men were for the most part veterans in their professions—men of experience and caution.

Vice-Admiral Sir H. P. Douglas (late Hydrographer of the Navy), Sir Frank Smith (Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research), Sir John Snell (Chairman of the Electricity Commission), Professor Gibson (Professor of Engineering at Victoria University, Manchester), Sir Basil Mott (a leading civil engineer)—these, together with a sprinkling of civil servants, were the type selected to give their verdict in a case where enthusiasm and the craze for novelty would have made a very bad judge.

Their unanimous approval of the Barrage Scheme is therefore all the more eloquent.

The committee examined several schemes that had already been roughed out, and quickly reported that the Severn Barrage was well worth a detailed enquiry.

In 1929 a second report was made, recommending the preparation of a complete tidal power scheme. This scheme is now before the Government for "necessary action."

Many benefits

This complete scheme is much more than a mere plan for getting cheap electricity from the tides. The Barrage is more than a dam; it is a bridge and will carry a roadway and a railway. And the dam is more than a dam, since it will raise the level of the Severn above the Barrage and make Gloucester in effect a deep-water port.

In some people's eyes the dam alone is enough to damn the entire scheme. They are certain that the dam will cause the Severn to silt up, choking itself with sand and mud.

Navigation will be stopped, and the Severn ports will become like Rye and Winchelsea!

Such Jeremiahs never fail to burst into the full song of lamentation when any new project is mooted. They prophesied disaster for the Suez Canal, for the Panama Canal. They declared that no steamship could hold enough coal to drive it across the Atlantic. That flying machines were impossible. That wireless across the ocean was a crazy dream.

When the Manchester Ship Canal was proposed they proved to their own complete satisfaction that the channel would silt up.

Monster station

On these grounds alone we might dismiss the Jeremiahs from the case. But we have even better reason.

Professor Gibson, one of the members of the committee, made a large-scale model of the Severn Estuary and began, in 1926, a long series of experiments on various types of barrage and their effect on tide levels and navigation.

The professor has thus proved that the Barrage would not make navigation any worse on the downstream side. On the upstream side it would—even without dredging—make navigation much easier at low tides. With a slight amount of dredging, navigation would be at least as good at high tides and much better at all other times.

The site chosen for the Barrage is at the English Stones, not far from the Severn Tunnel. The dam will be close on 7,000 feet long. With a battery of 72 water turbines, each of 17,000 horse power, the Barrage will form a power station nearly double the size of the largest coal-using station of to-day. Over 2,200,000,000 units of electricity will be produced each year at a cost of less than one-tenth of a penny per unit.

Tidal electricity is cheaper than electricity from coal. Nevertheless, the cheap electricity from the Severn will not compete with the coal-using power stations. It will help them. Indeed, without the coal stations the Severn Barrage scheme would be financially hopeless.

The key to this puzzle is that tidal

TRAGEDY—with a MORAL

"MAM, you're wanted," called a Birkenhead girl to her mother, whom she heard descending from an upstairs room.

There was nothing urgent in her voice, nothing to suggest excitement or anything wrong. She had called the same thing often before, when the milkman was at the door, and when the delivery boy had arrived from the dry-cleaner's, and her voice was just as cool as it had ever been.

So her mother just replied with a cheery "Coming, dear," and entered the room.

What she saw and heard in the next tragic second will make those simple words, "Mam, you're wanted," live in her memory for ever. She will think of them with horror—but, because they are the hall-mark of her daughter's supreme heroism, she will remember them with pride, too.

For there, as she entered the room, her child stood before her on the verge of collapse, scalded from her face right down one side of her body to her ankle, yet fighting, despite her agony, to save her mother distress by keeping up that "Mam, you're wanted" spirit to the very end.

Nor was that the full measure of her courage. While her mother was at work upstairs a pan full of frying fat had burst into flames and sent fountains of flame to the ceiling. Her clothes had caught the first burst of flame and flared up round her. And what is more, there had been a five-years-old boy in the room, in peril of his life.

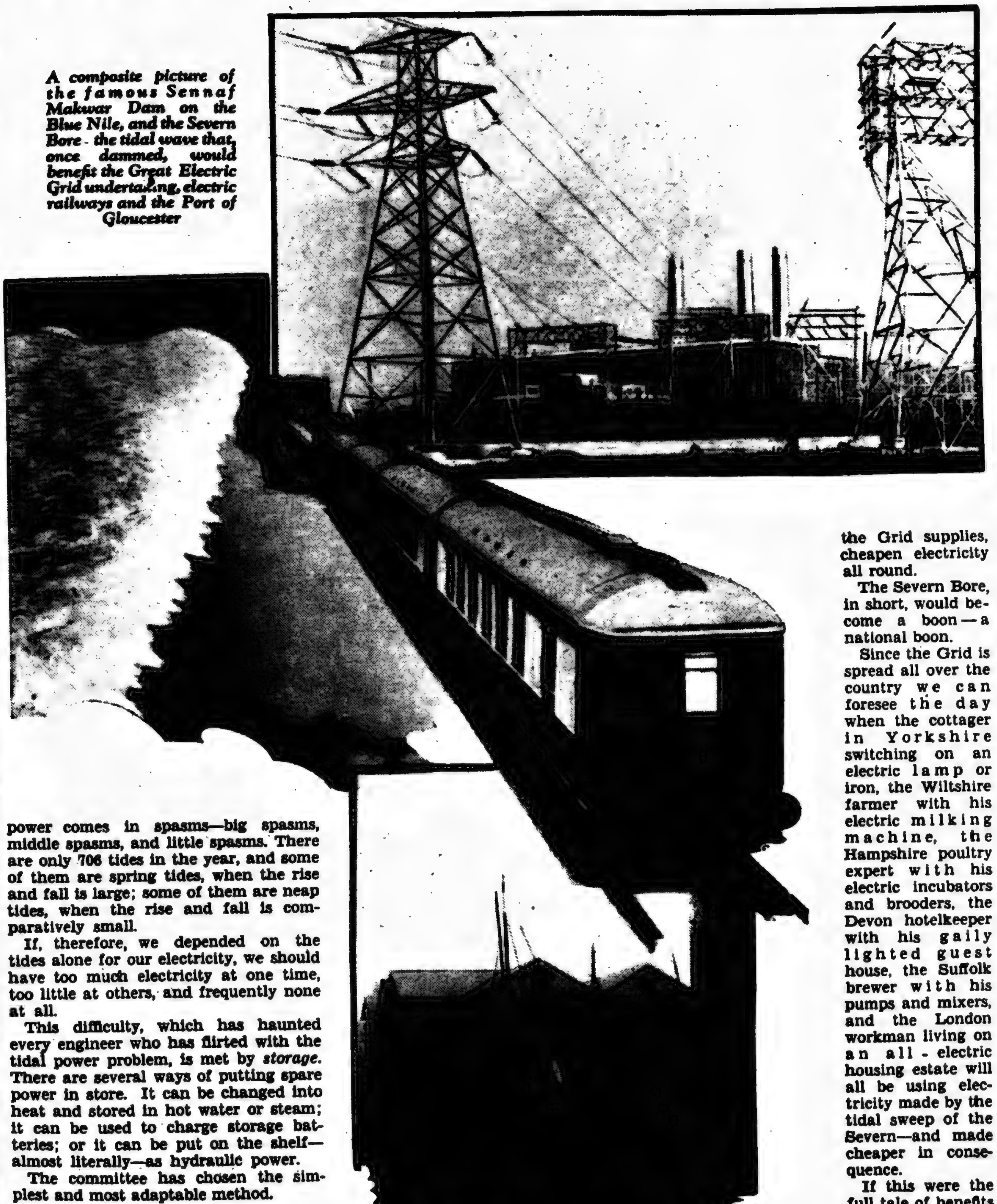
Before the daughter had called "Mam, you're wanted," she had extinguished a burning table-cloth, carried the little boy into the garden, and then returned and saved the room and, as a natural consequence, the home.

Tranmere Infirmary used all its resources to save the little heroine, and, we are thankful to say, did. Her worry was the damage to the home, damage that was going to cost much-wanted money, she thought. But because her mother was a JOHN BULL reader who had filled up a form similar to the one you can find on page 42, we saw to that. . . .

In one of the greatest short stories ever written, that master of fiction, the late O. Henry, debated whether a person used the dramatic "My God, my cup is full to overflowing" of the novelist, or the simple, restrained words of an ordinary person when crisis came into his life.

'Mam, you're wanted" seems to be the finest answer to that problem. And the bravest.

TREASURE of the TIDES



A composite picture of the famous Sennaf Makwar Dam on the Blue Nile, and the Severn Bore - the tidal wave that, once dammed, would benefit the Great Electric Grid undertaking, electric railways and the Port of Gloucester

power comes in spasms—big spasms, middle spasms, and little spasms. There are only 706 tides in the year, and some of them are spring tides, when the rise and fall is large; some of them are neap tides, when the rise and fall is comparatively small.

If, therefore, we depended on the tides alone for our electricity, we should have too much electricity at one time, too little at others, and frequently none at all.

This difficulty, which has haunted every engineer who has flirted with the tidal power problem, is met by *storage.* There are several ways of putting spare power in store. It can be changed into heat and stored in hot water or steam; it can be used to charge storage batteries; or it can be put on the shelf—almost literally—as hydraulic power.

The committee has chosen the simplest and most adaptable method.

National boon

Water will be pumped, when the tidal power is plentiful, to a high level reservoir, which will supply water power when tidal power is lacking. The site chosen is at Trellick Grange, on high land not far from Tintern Abbey.

In other words, the reservoir will provide a second trap for the tides—a trap that can be opened or closed as and when required.

Even with such an ingenious way of filling up the ebb-tide gaps, the Severn Barrage needs something more to make it thoroughly convincing as a source of cheap power. It is when it comes into partnership with the Electric Grid that its full merit is revealed.

The Grid is a national network of electric mains into which the giant power stations pour their supplies of electricity. It forms a wholesale "pool" of electricity from which electricity is drawn, as and when required, by the companies and corporations that distribute electricity to the public.

The public demand for electricity rises and falls, hour by hour. At certain times in the day there comes a big rise, called a peak. During peak hours the Grid draws the extra current required from certain stations which are, for various reasons, less efficient than the stations that shoulder the all-day and all-night demands.

This is where the Severn Barrage comes in.

Thanks to its storage arrangements it can pour its full flood of cheap electricity into the Grid *during peak hours* and so enable the uneconomical stations to be shut down.

Not only, therefore, will the Barrage supply cheap electricity, but it will, by cutting out the most expensive part of the Grid supplies, cheapen electricity all round.

The Severn Bore, in short, would become a boon—a national boon.

Since the Grid is spread all over the country we can foresee the day when the cottager in Yorkshire switching on an electric lamp or iron, the Wiltshire farmer with his electric milking machine, the Hampshire poultry expert with his electric incubators and brooders, the Devon hotelkeeper with his gaily lighted guest house, the Suffolk brewer with his pumps and mixers, and the London workman living on an all-electric housing estate will all be using electricity made by the tidal sweep of the Severn—and made cheaper in consequence.

If this were the full tale of benefits from the Barrage it would still be worth the telling.

The Barrage, however, will forge a new and much-needed link between the South and South-West of England and the South of Wales. Something like £6,000,000 might be well spent on using the Barrage as a new traffic route. Rolling lift bridges on the Barrage will enable vessels to pass freely up and down the river, using locks at the Barrage when necessary.

Another £6,000,000 or so should, the committee suggests, be spent on docks and harbours in connection with the scheme. These docks and harbours would "accommodate a large volume of modern shipping, thanks to the deep water facilities provided."

These facilities, again, added to the cheap electricity made on the spot, would encourage new industries to settle in the Severn Valley. Just as the harnessing of Niagara created a cluster of great industries with their shops and houses, so the Severn Barrage would sow the seeds of prosperity over a depressed countryside.

Best of all, the Barrage would answer the urgent call for fresh fields of employment.

Fifteen years will be occupied in building the Barrage, the storage station, the roads and railways and harbour works. The number employed on these works and in our engineering factories to provide plant for the works will rise to 28,000 a year. The average for the fifteen years will be over 12,000 a year.

Here, then, is a magnificent example of the kind of ' productive enterprise " for which the country is crying out.

There is no question of spending public money on a white elephant. The scheme will pay. It will make the country richer. It will mean cheaper electricity, better roads and railways, better harbours. It will bring fresh hope to languishing industries.

Now or never!

To delay a decision is to kill the scheme. Never again will money be so cheap. Never again will materials be so cheap. Never again will machinery be so cheap.

All that the country lacks is the courage—the sort of courage that built up our great railway system a century ago, that carried our flag in giant liners over the Seven Seas, that dug the Suez Canal, that raised the Assouan, Sennaf, Makwar Dams and the Sukker Barrage.

We've got the men, we've got the brains, we've got the money, too. Are we going to hesitate because the scheme is novel, because it has its risks, because it does not guarantee a 10 per cent. return?

So far the Government has given no sign of what it is going to do. The Press, which might have given a trumpet call to action, has shown itself timid. Our industrialists, who should have welcomed this tonic for depression, have either been silent or feebly critical.

The plain man may well wonder why!

GOOD FRUIT

IN May last, under the heading "Gold Mine Lure," we dealt with the share-peddling activities of Mr. Charles Knight, described as the "authorised agent" in this country for a Canadian company known as Walsh Katrine Gold Mines, Ltd., a concern formed some years ago and now having the support and co-operation of another Canadian company called Northern Metals, Ltd.

The "authorised agent" and his colleagues had been offering shares in the Northern Metals company to long-suffering Walsh Katrine Gold Mines shareholders, and we advised that the greatest caution should be exercised by those who were approached to buy 4s. shares, which, according to the story related, would be worth £1 or more by next December.

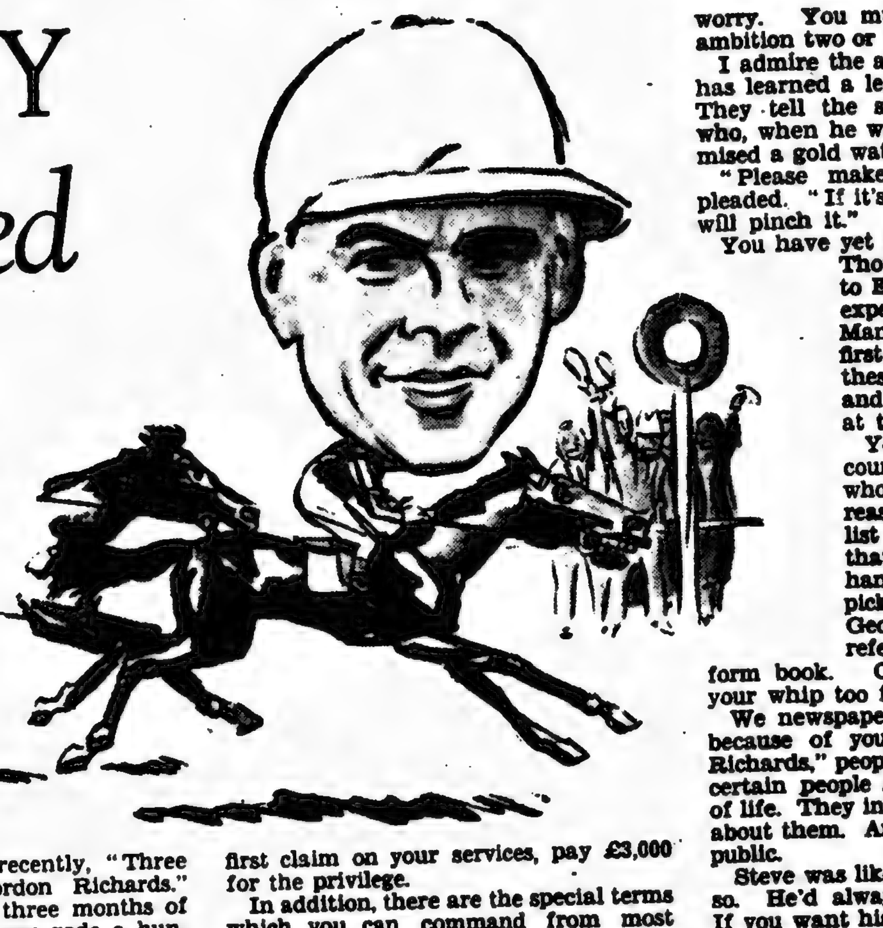
The general manager of Northern Metals, Ltd., of Montreal, Canada, has now written to JOHN BULL stating that he has never approved the methods of selling we described, and regrets the damage to his company's good name

He says: "The arrangement for the sale of shares in England was cancelled some time ago," and adds, "It is very difficult at times to control salespeople, but we cancel very quickly any deal once there is cause for complaint."

This seems to be an admission that the share-peddlers' selling statements were, to say the least, unduly optimistic, and, in the circumstances, we are pleased that our warning has borne such good fruit as the cancellation of the scheme in this country.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to GORDON RICHARDS

BIG MONEY *Hasn't Spoiled* You



MY DEAR GORDON,—You are, indeed, one of the world's very lucky ones.

You were a miner's boy. So was Larwood. So was Jimmy Wilde. They escaped. So did you.

Now, as I see mining, it is a form of hereditary slavery. Men do not elect to be miners. They are born in a coal area. Their fathers were miners before them. So were their grandfathers.

Merely because of that, they are condemned, when they leave school, to go down the pit. There, if they are fortunate, nowadays, they stop. Bad luck means that, because the mine stops work, there is no coal to dig.

Well, they earn £2 or £3 a week. You, the champion jockey, are credited with earning well over £10,000 a year!

* * *

Your star was indeed shining brightly in the hour when two girls in the pit-store office where you worked as a tiny boy saw an advertisement for a stable apprentice

"Why don't you apply, Gordon?" they said. Indeed, one of them wrote the letter for you So it was that you joined Martin Hartigan, that splendid trainer, who taught you your job.

Well, success has not spoiled you. You are not as popular, of course, as Steve Donoghue was in the height of his fame. But then Steve had more personality than any jockey of my time. Besides, at times, he had bad luck.

I remember, standing out, Tod Sloan, Johnny Rieff, Danny Maher, Steve, and then you. For years it was "Come on, Steve!" Now gradually, "Come on, Gordon!" is becoming a popular cry. But it will never be as loud as Steve's. He is Irish, with the faith and the lovableness of the Irish people.

"The pit is all right if you are brought up to it," you said, even when you were champion jockey.

Well, that is an attitude of mind, a calm, quiet philosophy, that has put, and that keeps, you where you are.

No one can accuse you of having a swollen head. Yet often I have seen in the papers, recently, "Three More Winners for Gordon Richards." This year, in the first three months of the flat-racing season, you rode a hundred winners—by far the most brilliant feat in modern Turf records. Your success has become bewildering.

Yet you take it all as it comes—success or failure. You are not elated when you win. Nor do you frown when you lose.

Indeed, one of the best judges of racing in all my acquaintances said to me, the other day, "If I were giving advice to Gordon, all I could say would be, 'Go on as you are going.'"

* * *

You ride about 200 winners yearly and are entitled to £5 5s. at least for each. Then there are your 700 losers for which the minimum fee is £3 3s. each. That is more than £3,000. Next the patrons of the Beckhampton stable, who have first claim on your services, pay £3,000 for the privilege.

In addition, there are the special terms which you can command from most stables and the substantial money presents with which so many owners recognise the pleasures you bring them.

More than that, your racing life will be longer probably than most. For you are an example to the country's youth in the life you lead. Some jockeys like card games and cocktail parties and late-night suppers. You go straight from the course to your home, and there your trainer can always find you.

Your loyalty to Martin Hartigan is another fine point in your character. You know that you owe much to him. And so, when you are free from riding for the Beckhampton stable, you are always at his disposal.

With your business head, you made an early resolve to amass a six-figure bank account so that you would be free from worry. You must have achieved that ambition two or three years ago.

I admire the attitude of a jockey who has learned a lesson from the old days. They tell the story of the apprentice who, when he won a big race, was promised a gold watch by the owner.

"Please make it a silver one," he pleaded. "If it's a gold one, the guv'nor will pinch it."

You have yet to win your first Derby. Thousands of us went down to Epsom, a few weeks ago, expecting that you and Manitoba would come in first. But, we all know what these "favourites" are. You and your mount were nearly at the tail end.

You have your critics, of course. There are those who argue that the only reason why you head the list of winning jockeys is that you ride at such a handy weight and that you pick the best mounts. Geoffrey Gilbey, in reply, referred the critics to the form book. Others say that you use your whip too freely.

We newspaper men get blamed often because of you. "Too much Gordon Richards," people say. The truth is that certain people stand out in every walk of life. They interest us, and so we write about them. And then they interest the public.

Steve was like that. He always smiled so. He'd always got something to say. If you want his popularity, you must be less businesslike, less methodical. You can't have it all ways.

* * *

You are as happy at home as you are on the course. You know how to enjoy your leisure. You do not swank, and you do not rush into print.

I can only say this of you—that if you ever have bad luck and you lose your money, and you have to go on riding, when you are, comparatively, an old man, that you will take it all as philosophically as Steve does.

I saw him at the big fight the other night. He was still smiling. . . .

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. G. H. SHAKESPEARE, M.P.,
London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—You do not think it disgraceful, it seems, that a voluntary patient in a mental hospital should be lodged in the same ward as raving lunatics.

Still stranger is your statement that the Ministry of Health, of which you are Under-Secretary, doesn't think it "necessarily desirable to provide separate accommodation for voluntary patients."

Yet the Mental Deficiency Act was passed only after M.P.s had been solemnly assured that such accommodation would be provided.

What have you to say about this infamous disregard of that pledge? What excuses will you make for the Ministry's bamboozling of Parliament and the public? JOHN BULL.

Dr. SOMERVILLE HASTINGS,
Devonshire Street, London, W.1

DEAR DOCTOR,—It's good to see that you have defeated the miserable proposal to deprive the aged and infirm inmates of the Waterloo House Institution of their after-dinner cup of tea.

A small matter, maybe, but not so small as the minds of those London County Council members who seriously put forward such a suggestion.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. B. SHIFFNER.
Chairman, Doncaster Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—Apparently you have yet to learn the difference between bitter reality and nonsense.

Of six miners sent to jail by you for poaching, one said his weekly income was 7s. and that he had had no Sunday dinner for five weeks, while another had only 16s. to keep a wife and six children and pleaded that he wanted a dinner for the children.

But you told them they were talking nonsense and added, "You can always get a dinner."

I dislike both poaching and poverty, but have *you* had a spell of short commons? JOHN BULL.

Councillor A. MACNAMARA,
Wallsend

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—When the Mayor refused to allow you to discuss an alleged theft by a corporation official, you withdrew in disgust.

You have since explained that you aim at ending the hush-hush policy at the town hall. So do I—not only at Wallsend but in every town where it exists.

Carry on, councillor!

JOHN BULL.

Judge WHITELEY, K.C.,
Old Bailey, London

DEAR JUDGE,—For the first time in your career you have ignored a jury's recommendation to mercy.

I am very glad you have done so, for the two men before you had swindled the unemployed. You sent them both to jail, and said that unemployment frauds had got to stop.

Well, I have stopped quite a lot myself, and I hope you will continue to deal mercilessly with every offender you find.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—The workshops and recreation rooms at Barnstaple unemployment centre are now deserted owing to the stupid and unfair action of the local employment exchange.

For it has been decreed that if the unemployed continue to make toys and other small articles in the workshops their "dole" will be reduced—even if those articles are sold to supply funds for the centre!

I look to you to end this monstrous ramp at once. JOHN BULL.

FRANCIS WM. SMALL, Bingley: If ever a man should be sent to jail that man is you. Yet for battering a dog with a spade and then burying it alive, you have been fined only £2. Presuming you are capable of some feeling, you should feel grateful to the Bench that tried you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. H. B. LYON,
Rugby

DEAR HEADMASTER,—Boys will never accept the arguments for peace, you say, if we merely stress the horrors of war.

I agree. Children hate sentimentality, but will always be swayed by an appeal to their reason.

If we tell them the facts without propaganda and make plain the stupid futility of warfare, there will be less danger of armed conflicts in the future.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I am glad that many M.P.s are now demanding that "sleeping out" shall no longer be punished by imprisonment.

Last week I commented on the tragic death in prison of an ex-Guardsman whose only offence was that he could not afford a night's shelter. I told how your spokesman had refused to make further enquiries.

But now wiser counsel has prevailed and those enquiries are being made. They need not occupy much of your time, for imprisonment for poverty is admitted by everyone to be a brutal survival of other days that should be removed at once. JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HARRISON,
Woolwich, Kent

DEAR FLORENCE,—I like your method of dealing with an armed bandit who tried to rob your till. Ignoring the revolver he pointed at your head, you landed your fist in his face and routed him without even calling for help.

That's a fine answer to people who deplore the athletic hobbies of the "modern girl." More power to your elbow! JOHN BULL.

P.C. DONALD MacDONALD,
North Berwick

DEAR CONSTABLE,—Policemen often have to restrain people, but the other day you yourself had to be restrained—from continuing rescue efforts when, in a vain effort to save a life, you had dived until completely exhausted.

Well, the violence you showed is the best form of it I can imagine.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman EDWARD JAMES,
Carmarthenshire County Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—"We approached this question with only one object in view—to save £2,500," you said when justifying a new education "cut."

Well, it's a good thing our forefathers did not govern the country with the only object of economy. If they had, Britain would be a back number by now.

JOHN BULL.

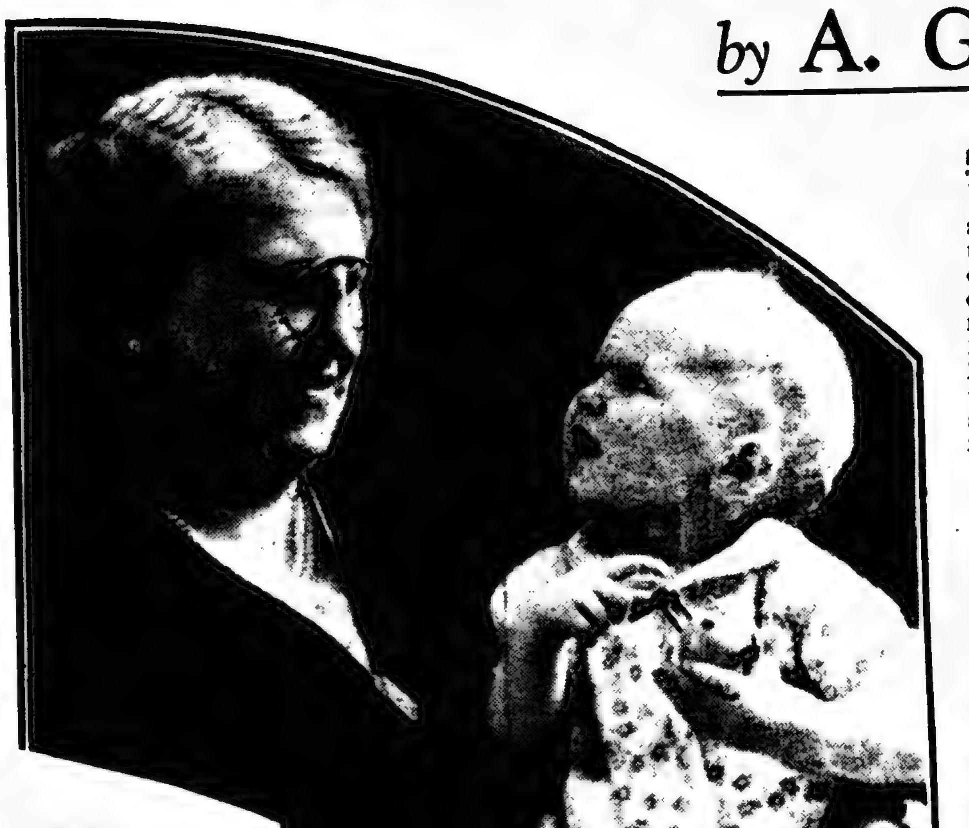
HARDER to DIE!

by A. G. GARDINER

LET us talk of something cheerful. The Economic Conference may be water-logged in London, and the Disarmament Conference may be wilting at Geneva; but there is one war against the enemies of man that is being fought and won with ceaseless success. It is the war against death.

Two incidents during the last few days provide remarkable evidence of the strides which are being made in the conquest of disease. One was Sir Hilton Young's illuminating survey in the House of Commons of the health of the nation; the other was the gratifying progress recorded at the meeting of the British Empire Cancer Campaign of the fight with cancer.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the conditions of life to-day compared with those in the past, there is one respect in which the present has the verdict beyond any possibility of challenge. If life is a good thing—and, with all its ills, no normal person doubts that it is a good thing—we have it more abundantly than any generation that has preceded us since human life began on this planet.



Thanks to medical science, an adult on the average lives 20 years longer to-day than 100 years ago. And a child's chance of life has been doubled in the last 25 years

Middle-aged at forty

I speak of course of the quantity of life. I believe the same is true of the quality; but that is perhaps arguable, and I do not propose to argue it here.

But about the quantity of life there can be no argument. Even as recently as the eighteenth century men were middle-aged at forty, old men at fifty, and, if they were rich, died of gout and port wine, or, if they were poor, of starvation and misery, before they were sixty.

In the last century we have added twenty years to the average life. Fifteen of those years have been put on during the last fifty years, and the pace in the last ten years has been more rapid than ever before.

Take one or two facts from the official statistics. You will find them in "Whitaker" or any book of reference. If, being a man, you had been born in 1871, your expectation of life would have been forty years; if you were born in 1921 your expectation is fifty-five years.

The case of the woman is even more remarkable, for at all stages of life women have a better prospect of living than men. A female child born in 1871 had a prospect of forty-eight years' run on earth; a female child born in 1921 has a prospect of over fifty-nine years.

And this is not all. It is not merely that we live longer than our forebears, but that we are more free from ailments than they were. They died prematurely from disease. We live the normal span because, in the mass, we are more free from disease.

Maternity lead

The main cause of this striking prolongation of the average life is, of course, that we have stopped "the massacre of the innocents." Since 1907 the infantile mortality of the country has been halved.

I can remember that in the 'nineties of last century towns like Burnley and Preston, and London boroughs like Shoreditch and Bermondsey, had an infantile mortality of 200 and over per 1,000. That is, one in every five children born were born only to die. To-day the infantile death-rate of the country is sixty. With the exception of Norway we lead all Europe in the preservation of infant life

That is a magnificent achievement, due to better conditions, better sanitation, the establishment of maternity centres and maternity hospitals, and the greater attention to pre-natal conditions and child welfare. And it is not only the children who are saved. It is the mothers, too. The decline in the deaths at child-birth is as remarkable as any feature of this resounding victory over death,

Do not tell me that the world does not get better. It does—in a hundred ways. This is one of them.

But it is not only the children who are saved. The adult life is lengthened too, and this brings me to that conquest of disease which is the greatest triumph of modern civilisation. I have before me the annual mortality statistics since 1871 for England and Wales. It reads like the record of a great battle in which the forces of death and disease are being routed with gathering momentum.

Let me give a few of the facts it discloses. That dreaded enemy of the human race, tuberculosis, is in full flight. In 1871, of every million people who died 2,884 died from tuberculosis in one of its forms. In 1930 the toll of tuberculosis had fallen to 872 per million deaths. Smallpox claimed 228 per million deaths; in 1930 it claimed *one*. Smallpox is not in flight; it has vanished. Enteric fever has fallen from 321 per million to 7; scarlet fever from 1,908 to 64; measles from 1,038 to 431; whooping-cough from 1,415 to 211.

Dread disease

One enemy alone remains in the field, not merely undefeated but apparently more formidable than ever. Cancer: in 1871 the deaths from this dread disease were only 484 per million. In every decade since they have increased, remorselessly and unceasingly. In 1925 they had reached the 1,000 per million; and at that level it stands to-day.

It may be of course that the increase is in some measure unreal. The probability is that sixty years ago deaths due to cancer were often attributed to other causes But, however that may be, its devastations are the most insoluble problem of science and the most potent enemy of humanity.

And yet even here there is a gleam of victory ahead. For five years the disease has been pinned down to the 1,000 mark. The plague has not abated, but it has been stayed. There is reason to believe that the British Empire Cancer Campaign is on the brink of a triumph which will disperse the shadow which the dread of cancer casts over lives as the shadow of tuberculosis is being dispersed.

From two angles the attack is concentrating on the enemy. Its nature is still obscure, but its causes are becoming known. Research at the Cancer Hospital has at last isolated from coal-tar pitch an unknown chemical substance possessed of very remarkable powers of causing cancer. With this knowledge acquired it may be expected that the task of combating the disease on the preventive side will now make marked progress.

Cure found?

And on the curative side there is now strong ground for confidence that the riddle is about to be solved. A serum from which much is hoped is now discovered, and in addition treatment by surgery and treatment by radium and X-rays have made significant advances. The proportion of cures both by surgery and radium is increasing, and it is not too much to prophesy that in ten years time, probably in less, cancer will have ceased to be the terror it is to-day

When that is accomplished, the conquest of all the major enemies of mankind will be complete. Barring the accidents and normal perils of life, we shall all live to a green old age, and the Psalmist's span will be merely the beginning instead of the end of old age.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. Simpson, Bishop of Kensington, on

His Grace *and* His Gaiters

NOW and then there are days
When I mournfully gaze
At myself in the glass and demand:
"Now why should my hat
Be as funny as that?"—
It is something I can't understand.

My gaiters likewise
Appear quaint to the eyes,
And my apron is certainly queer;
And I don't feel a bit
That my rig-out is fit
For the job when my motor I steer.

My collar is high,
Though I never know why
A bishop is called on to choke!
How often I wish
That a bishop could bish
In the garb of a commonplace bloke!

Much has been written and said lately on the subject of dress reform, and there have been many complaints regarding the unsuitability of ordinary male attire in hot weather.

But, believe me, the dress of the ordinary man is a model of comfort and convenience compared with that of a bishop, compelled to dress in conformity with an ecclesiastical tradition dating back to a dark age long before shorts.

"Bishops in the nineteenth century were slightly suspect," I told an audience at the opening of an exhibition in connection with the centenary of the Oxford Movement. "Neither their comfort nor their outdoor appearance was worth considering."

I then went on to suggest that the Lord Chancellor should introduce a Bill for the Better Habitment of Bishops, with a view, especially, to providing a dress suitable for motor driving.

The absurdly anachronistic attire we are now compelled to wear was designed in an age when a bishop made his rounds on horseback. And even then it is surprising that the horses did not shy!

My idea is that in this motoring age, especially in the case of a mere suffragan bishop, like myself, who cannot afford a chauffeur, gaiters should be replaced with natty leather leggings, and the enigmatical hat which now adorns the episcopal pate might make room for something suggestive of a peaked cap.

Many people, I know, would hold up their hands in horror at the mere suggestion of such a change, but unless something is done to relieve the situation before the next heat wave, there may be mass meetings of bishops throughout the country, followed, perhaps, by serious rioting in cathedral towns.

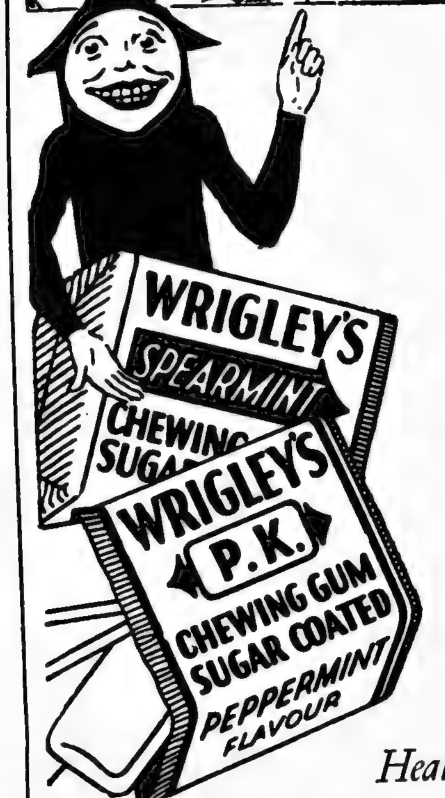
It is all very well to say that clothes don't make the man, but they can certainly make the guy. This applies particularly to episcopal gaiters, which may be well enough for any of my brethren whose contours rival those of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, but otherwise are apt to appear distinctly unbecoming.

Although I should hesitate to liken any ecclesiastical dignitary to the Prodigal Son, some undoubtedly have a fatted calf, while others are painfully lacking in visible means of support, or, worse still, reveal lower limbs like inverted commas.

Also, I cannot help feeling that in thus—ah—exploiting the leg theory, bishops are, if I may so express it, "asking for it."

When clergymen rush to attack
The modern girl in accents strong,
Because her skirts are not as long
As they could wish, her "utter lack
Of modesty" is often made
The subject of a fierce tirade;
But what if she should answer back:

"Why should we hide our heads in shame,
Considering we merely took
A leaf from out the bishops' book?
They show their calves and earn no blame:
And *ours*, we venture to imply,
Are not displeasing to the eye—
Can many bishops say the same?"



It helps to preserve the teeth

1d PER PACKET

Spearmint also obtainable in 3d. packets of six sticks

Health begins in the mouth. Medical science recognises this fact to-day. Doctors and Dentists prescribe the use of Wrigley's, because it removes particles of food that otherwise ferment and might cause decay of teeth. In children it exercises the jaws so that they grow to full size and the teeth come in straight and uncrowded. Wrigley's is the ideal sweetmeat for everyone—pure, wholesome goodness—the finest quality and value a penny can buy. Sold in two famous flavours—P.K., pure peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour.

BRITISH MADE

N.2

WRIGLEY'S

STAYING POWER DOUBLED

LIFE, VIGOUR and ENERGY **at a cost of a penny a day!**

for Men and Women of all Ages

Being in granular form PHILLIPS Yeast is easily taken and quickly assimilated . . . Its beneficial action begins at once

. . . . Marvellous Effect of PHILLIPS Live Yeast

You *can* enjoy here and now your full measure of all-round fitness. You *can* feel and look years younger, and you can do it in the simplest way—*by taking just a little Phillips Yeast with your meals for a week or so.* Immediately you start taking Phillips Yeast, you begin to buck up. Your appetite improves. You sleep better. You awake fresh in the morning. You want to be up and doing. If you have lost the joy of living *you get it back safely, surely, quickly.*

PHILLIPS Yeast contains no drug . . . It is a NATURAL REMEDY and LIFE-GIVING TONIC

Phillips Yeast is Live Yeast in its *purest and most active form.* As a remedy for all kinds of indigestion, and as a GENERAL TONIC and PICK-ME-UP, it is unrivalled. Its action begins in the stomach a few minutes after it has been taken. It *regulates the whole process of digestion* and *that* is the basis of all its marvellous effects. Ask your doctor. He will tell you how valuable Live Yeast is in the treatment of numerous disorders, and that by its action on the digestive system, it *eliminates the causes of most ailments* and builds up a reserve of strength to resist illness of every kind.

¶ It conquers Dyspepsia, ensures good Digestion and improves Nutrition.

¶ It banishes Nervous Debility, Insomnia and other Nerve troubles.

¶ It reduces Uric Acid, the cause of Rheumatism, and relieves Sciatica.

¶ It purifies and enriches the blood, and clears skin affections.

¶ It tones the system and corrects faulty elimination.

Phillips LIVE YEAST

Its Purity is your Safeguard

Of all Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- bottle. It is in fine granular form, easily taken and *quite harmless.* Refuse substitutes—Ask for 'PHILLIPS' Yeast.

Write for INTERESTING BOOKLET explaining the beneficial action of PHILLIPS LIVE YEAST in many ailments and chronic conditions.

Phillips Yeast Products Ltd. (Dept. 77),
Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10—
and 150 Regent Street, W.1

Famous Countess Cruelly Exploited

"The Countess of Birkenhead was frankly annoyed at the gross misuse of her name and that of her late distinguished husband"

FAMOUS people are being cruelly exploited, through the misuse of their names for propaganda purposes, by what is called "The Anti-Gambling Movement"—an organisation which has just been started from headquarters at Vernon House, 40, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

The promoters of this ostensibly deserving "Movement" have already posted appeals for financial support to people all over the country, especially to those who are known to hold anti-gambling views.

In the hope of inducing them and others to subscribe funds it has printed on its appeals the names of an imposing array of important people, which it claims as its "Patrons" and "Organisers."

As patrons appear the honoured names of the Countess of Birkenhead, Lady Harold Smith, Sir Griffith Boynton, Bt., and Dr. A. Ross.

The organisers are given as the Hon. Charles Barnewall, Captain G. Crutchley and Frederick Smith, M.C.—the last named, in parentheses, being designated both Treasurer and Secretary.

There is not the slightest doubt that many people who receive the appeal will feel disposed to send a donation at once. We strongly urge them to do nothing of the sort.

Plaintive appeal

"We feel constrained," the appeal begins, "to bring to your notice the appalling results of gambling among the working-classes in our great industrial centres. .. To you, enjoying the amenities and seclusion of the country-side, is hidden the misery and distress of the dependents of those cursed with this mania."

Note the impressive "we" which opens this paragraph, for it is undoubtedly intended to infer that the Countess of Birkenhead and Lady Harold Smith and the other distinguished persons named are collectively making the appeal.

The document then goes on to say that careful thought has been given by the "Anti-Gambling Movement" to the best method of combating the evil, and that with public support it is hoped within a reasonable period not only to counteract the activities of "those responsible," but to alleviate the pain of at least some of the sufferers.

Impudent

"Our Secretary, Mr. Frederick Smith," the appeal then adds, "discussed with his late uncle, the Earl of Birkenhead, various ways and means to this end," the inference being that the "Movement" had the support of the late Earl, particularly as the name of the Countess is given as one of the organisation's patrons and as the next passage in the appeal reads:

"It was agreed that an intensive campaign should be carried out by a body of organisers with ability and energy to show results far in excess of any so far achieved, *and had it not been for His Lordship's untimely death* this Movement would have been by now a powerful factor for good among our great masses."

In other words, the clear suggestion made in this circular is that the formation of the "Anti-Gambling Movement" was conceived by the late Lord Birkenhead, and that Mr. Frederick Smith, his nephew—assisted by the Countess of Birkenhead, Lady Harold Smith and the others named—is appealing for funds to carry on a public work which the late Earl was not spared to see completed.

This public work, according to the promoters of the "Movement," is that it proposes to set up welfare centres throughout Great Britain, each operated by a local committee, and, with this object in view, requires the sum of £5,000, for which—let us quote the actual circular again—"we trust that we do not appeal in vain."

There is that "we" again—the collective voice apparently of all the distinguished people named on the appeal.

This is why we say, without hesitation, that this is one of the most impudent appeals for funds we have had before us

The truth is that the "Anti-Gambling Movement" is not registered, and has no real existence. It has sprung up over-night, so to speak, to attract financial support from well-intentioned people at an appropriate time when a controversy exists concerning the problem of whether gambling should be legalised or not.

Its headquarters are just an accommodation address; its telephone number that of the agency which, for a weekly fee, collects letters for clients and grants them, when necessary, office accommodation on hourly sharing terms.

Dubious record

The references in the appeal to the late Lord Birkenhead are entirely unjustified, and the use of the names of his widow, and of her sister, Lady Harold Smith, as patrons, is equally unwarranted.

When a representative of JOHN BULL brought the facts to the notice of the Countess she was frankly annoyed at the gross misuse of her name and that of her late distinguished husband.

She had all the more reason to be so since the Secretary and Treasurer of the "Movement," Mr. Frederick Smith, M.C., has long been a source of trouble to the Birkenhead family, through misusing the name, in one way or another, to further his own ends.

Our own records show that he has been connected with more than one dubious scheme, and, on one occasion, after his association with a luxurious club—a feature of which was a glass dancing floor with shining water running beneath it—he was sent to prison.

We note that all cheques sent to the "Movement" are to be addressed to him personally, and crossed "Frederick Smith, Secretary."

That surely justifies us in concluding that the "Movement" is really only another name for Frederick—or, as he is more commonly known, Sidney—Smith.

A Queer "Empire" Charity

IT is desirable to issue a note of warning concerning a war charity which has given itself the high-sounding title of "The National and British Empire Ex-Service Men's Association."

The association is entirely unnecessary and redundant, and the work it purports to do for disabled ex-Service men is already covered by other well-established organisations.

The association began in quite a small way to assist men who had suffered during the war, at Witton Gilbert, in Durham, and was registered as a war charity with the Durham County Council.

* * *

Then it attempted to blossom out into something much larger and more important, and adopted the title of "The National Association." But apparently "National" was not sufficient, and in a short time it became "National and British Empire" as well.

Now it is proposing to seek re-registration with the London County Council as "The British Empire Ex-Service Men's Association."

Various people are given as the chief officials of this combined body.

The "British Empire" secretary is Mr. R. B. E. Thornton, with a residence in Church Street Road, Tankerton, Kent—with all respect to Tankerton, a strange centre for a British Empire organisation.

In addition, there is a metropolitan area and general hon. secretary—"Captain" H. Bishop, of Turle Mansions, Turle Road, London, N.

* * *

What these various officials find to do it is difficult to ascertain.

Certain branches of the association in different parts of the country have found the operations of "headquarters" so unsatisfactory that the local members have taken action by breaking away from the parent body. These branches are to be congratulated.

At present "Captain" Bishop—who was skipper of a mine-sweeping trawler during the war—appears to be the most active official.

His headquarters are in a house in Durham Road, Finsbury Park, London, which adjoins a garage, and Bishop uses the garage telephone as an office telephone when necessary.

There is an intimate link between this North London garage and the National and British Empire Disabled Ex-Service Men's Association, for on the admission of Bishop, the proprietor of the garage—a Mr. A. E. Gibson—has largely financed the association.

Mr. Gibson of Gibson's Garage—no doubt with a disinterested desire to help disabled ex-Service men—provided the money for a widespread appeal for funds. He also paid the cost of the association's collecting cartons, which have been distributed broadcast. Indeed, Mr. Gibson for his assistance is now named as the treasurer of the association.

Actually the association is considerably in debt to the garage proprietor.

One interesting fact that Bishop admits is a visit from the police to enquire into the activities of the association. He states that he showed the detectives all the books and statement of accounts, and they went away satisfied.

* * *

One thing branches have been unable to do is to secure any definite details from "headquarters" as to the amount of money collected from the public; how it has been expended, and what proportion of the contributions has been taken by the officers in expenses or remuneration.

The sooner this association, with its ambitious title and uncertain activities, is wound up, the better for all concerned.

Canvassers Beware!

An advertisement for canvassers was recently issued by a concern called the Eclipse Sign Company, of 182, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

Applicants who responded were informed that it was essential that they should own a car.

Interviewed by a Pro. Dobb, who apparently runs this business, one man was told that the salary would be 45s. a week, plus expenses. A racing weekly was about to be founded, and agents who were to sell it at a shilling would be required to furnish a fidelity bond for £30

Shortly following the preliminary discussion, Dodd wrote a letter confirming the terms, and expressed his willingness to engage the man.

But the requirement now was that the amount suggested in connection with a guarantee should be provided in cash upon which no interest would be paid!

As the Eclipse Sign Company occupies one room in a basement, and is an unregistered concern, readers should exercise the fullest caution before parting with money in the manner suggested.

To PROVE

Beyond A Shadow Of Doubt that

Germolene
Brand

the amazing ASEPTIC Ointment is the

World's FASTEST SKIN HEALER . . .

The most amazing of the many unique properties of Germolene Ointment is the unparalleled *speed* with which it heals agonising skin trouble.

The three unsolicited letters published below provide final convincing PROOF. Each is a modern miracle of skin healing. Each is a typical example of what Germolene has already done for others . . . and what Germolene can do for YOU !

BAD LEG Healed in 1 WEEK	RASH Vanishes in 2 DAYS	ULCERS Healed in 2 DAYS
"For five weeks I had a dreadful bad leg. Nobody could give me anything to touch it—until I discovered Germolene Ointment. IT DID MORE GOOD THAN ALL OTHER TREATMENTS PUT TOGETHER; it ended my suffering and got me back to work in a week." —Mr. R. Bedford, West Norwood.	*"For weeks I have treated the most unsightly and irritating RASH, but without the slightest improvement. Then a friend suggested Germolene Ointment. WITHIN TWO DAYS THE RASH HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED."—Miss H. Smith, Southall.*	*"Having scalded my leg rather badly I was obliged to take special treatment for close on three months, as large ulcers developed. I was recommended all kinds of remedies, but all of no avail, until I tried Germolene. After TWO DAYS the ulcers entirely healed." — Mrs. Emily Hale, Clapham.*

We PROMISE—and we PROVE that

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

will heal YOUR Skin Trouble

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Why deny yourself for a moment longer the amazing relief that only Germolene can bring? Why go on suffering, when hundreds of other skin victims have already proved beyond the slightest doubt that Germolene Ointment cannot fail to heal your skin complaint? Get a tin AT ONCE,

For ECZEMA, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, PILES, SORES, IMPETIGO, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, RASH. INSECT BITES. SUNBURN, Etc., Etc.

All Chemists
1/3 AND 3/-

ALLUHR
For Summer Freshness

FAMOUS beauties of stage and screen use and praise Alluhr; and now that the summer is here their enthusiasm grows more and more.

Alluhr—the safe hair remover for face and body—will help every open-air girl to keep her fresh youthful charm despite searching sun rays. In scanty bathing suit or sleeveless frock with bare arms or with bare legs, every Alluhr-girl feels safe from embarrassment, glorying in a skin free from blemish.

Alluhr is such a pleasure to use, so safe, so sure, so speedy. In less time than a bath takes to fill, Alluhr will remove all unsightly, unwanted hair, leaving a delicious sense of well-being. Alluhr is guaranteed harmless, in fact its beneficial properties—it is the only hair remover containing Zapon oil—will leave the skin smooth and supple, white and cool.

Alluhr is economical too—it lasts five times as long as other hair removers; it discourages regrowth where the razor encourages a dark stubbly bristle. Another big point which has done much to make Alluhr so popular is the absence of strong and unpleasant odours.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Purchase a box of Alluhr to-day from your retailer. If it is not all that we guarantee, return the box within 7 days, and your money will be refunded in full.

Read what Miss Adrianne Allen—the Famous Film Star says of "Alluhr":—

"I cannot imagine anyone wanting to use anything but 'Alluhr'; it is pleasant to use and would not harm the most sensitive skin."

Adrianne Allen

ALLUHR

THE SAFE HAIR REMOVER FOR FACE AND BODY

6D and 1/-

or 2/6 with brush

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. In case of difficulty in obtaining locally, write:
ALLUHR BEAUTY PRODUCTS, LTD., (Dept. 512), 1, Hardwick St., London, E.C.1

Use also "ALLUHR" DEODORANT

IT CHECKS PERSPIRATION—IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND AFFORDS COMPLETE PROTECTION FOR DRESSES AND UNDIES.
Per large bottle **1/3** or Dainty handbag size **6D.**

Spiritualist Healer EXPOSED

"Doctor" Damaglou, who claims to cure the incurable

THERE is no limit to the ingenuity of Doctor S. C. Damaglou, "M.D. Cons/ple," of Park Square House East, Regent's Park, London, and Sharnbrook, Bedfordshire — one of the most persistent of all unorthodox medical practitioners in this country.

His work is condemned by the British medical profession generally, and the records of the medical organisations reveal many complaints against him.

This is not the first occasion on which we have exposed his preposterous claims as a benefactor of humanity.

He has become an advocate of Christian Spiritualism, and through the Greater World Christian Spiritualist League has found another field for the recruitment of patients.

The members of the League are acting no doubt in the best of good faith, but they cannot know their Damaglou. For "The Greater World," the League's official publication, is each week giving publicity to this man's claims.

Eye diagnosis

Possibly because of his association with the Christian Spiritualists, Damaglou's treatment centre at Sharnbrook, Bedfordshire, has been renamed "The Christ Healing Sanctuary."

Formerly this country house, at which he treats patients, was known as "Kosmos" or "The hope of the world's uncurable children and youths."

Shavros Constantine Damaglou—to give him his full name—claims to have received his "doctor of medicine" degree in Constantinople, but it is unrecognised by the medical profession in this country, and does not entitle Damaglou to register as a medical man.

By nationality he is a Greek, but the Greek Legation in London does not accord him any official recognition as a doctor, and the Turkish Ministry disavows any knowledge of him.

Yet he claims to be "the discoverer of the primary cause of cancer and its cure," and declares: "I maintain that 80 to 85 per cent. of so-called incurable diseases can be cured. I never ask a patient who comes to me what he is suffering from. In fact, I request him to tell me nothing. How do I diagnose? By examining the patient's eyes. The iris of the human eye is the atlas of the entire body."

One of his unfortunate patients was the late Mrs. Pollard, the wife of a Civil Servant who lives in Rectory Lane, Clewer, near Windsor. And her tragic case is only one of many.

Mrs. Pollard was suffering from an incurable disease. She had undergone a serious operation, and the news had been broken to her distressed husband that there was no hope at all. Her death was just a question of time.

Expensive cure

Then a letter in the correspondence columns of a daily newspaper drew the attention of Mr. Pollard to the remarkable work of an unnamed doctor in dealing with exceptionally difficult illnesses!

Incidentally those letters "To the Editor" must have brought many people to Damaglou. We know of several instances where readers answering letters published in daily newspapers have been referred to "Doctor" Damaglou, and a glowing account is given of his achievements.

It was in this way that Mr. Pollard was recommended to Damaglou, and took his wife to the "doctor's" consulting rooms.

At the first interview Damaglou promised a cure if his instructions were followed. And that earned him a fee of three guineas, plus another two guineas for a diet sheet.

Later, on the suggestion of the doctor, it was necessary for the patient to undergo a course of the Damaglou electrical treatment at six guineas a week, with "extras."

When Mr. Pollard suggested that this was straining his purse, he was advised by Damaglou to do what other people did—borrow money to meet the payments.

One of the bills Damaglou submitted to Mr. Pollard for settlement contained these items: 8s. 6d. for a small medicine bottle of embrocation chiefly composed of turpentine and olive oil; powders from a German chemist, 7s. 6d.; and "black medicine"—whatever that is—£1 15s.

The diet Mrs. Pollard was ordered was extraordinary. It consisted mainly of distilled water, washed black grapes, glucose, spinach, porridge, and pine kernels. There was to be complete abstinence from meat, fish, and dairy produce.

No improvement

Everything Damaglou did in the way of treatment or advised in the matter of diet was of no ultimate benefit to the patient. She became steadily worse, suffered intolerable pain, and returned to her home at Windsor an utter wreck. Doctors who examined her were amazed at the rapid change for the worse in her condition. They could not understand what had happened.

What does it contain? The "black medicine" sent by Damaglou to cure the late Mrs. Pollard

Some years of life had been promised her by her regular doctors, but she went home only to die.

It is not suggested that this treatment she received either caused or precipitated her death, but having regard to the assurance given that his wife would be cured, Mr. Pollard wrote to Damaglou: "The amount paid to you for treatment for my wife, excluding diet, exceeded £40, and I desire to ask whether you will agree to repay this amount or a substantial portion of it?"

Letters ignored

What was Damaglou's response to this demand? Just nothing at all. He simply ignored the letter and others from Mr. Pollard. He did not even write an expression of sympathy.

Subsequently the matter was taken up on behalf of Mr. Pollard by the trade union to which he belongs, and letters were written to Damaglou by the general secretary to the union.

The "doctor" replied through his secretary: "According to your request, Doctor Damaglou has much pleasure in informing you that he has received two letters from Mr. Pollard." And finally he sent a further reply, signed by Damaglou himself: "With all respect to the Union of Post Office Workers, I desire to make it perfectly clear that I have nothing to add to what I said in my last letter, that I have received two letters from Mr. L. Pollard."

Could there be anything more callous than these communications?

No doubt Damaglou can produce many of his former patients who will declare that they have benefited under his treatment.

But the case of Mrs. Pollard serves as a warning against his methods. Other similar cases are known to us.

We only hope our disclosures of his latest activities will be the means of preventing other sufferers from falling into his hands.

Homely Wisdom by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

FORGIVENESS

IN our experience of life there is much that we have to learn to forgive in the conduct of others, and still more that needs to be forgiven in ourselves. We can always see the former very plainly, but the latter is seldom so clear to our eyes.

What we have to put up with from other people we feel to be a grievance, but what other people have to put up with from us may not occur to us at all, or, if it does, is apt to trouble us but little.

Real forgiveness is rare. What passes for it in many cases is the opposite of forgiveness. Real forgiveness usually costs something in pain and self-denial—that is, when there is something real to be forgiven—but at its best it is a beautiful thing and a bond of love between human hearts.

* * *

False forgiveness generally has an element of spite in it. How infuriating it is, for instance, to be ostentatiously forgiven for something we have not done or do not regard as wrong!

A jealous or vindictive person sometimes manages to have a dig at an adversary by pretending to forgive him. To forgive in a condescending or patronising way is hypocrisy. It is a mean way of trying to make a rival look small.

To humble yourself to ask forgiveness for anything that you regret would be simple if you could be sure that it would be taken in the right spirit, and that the other party would not take advantage of it afterwards to triumph over you; for, as a rule, there is something to forgive on both sides when people fall out.

* * *

If it be true that it takes two to make a quarrel, as the old proverb has it, it is equally true that it takes two to make a reconciliation.

It is not much good confessing a fault to a person who will only see in the confession a victory for himself in a dispute, though he may be twice as much to blame therein as you are. Yet, in so far as you are to blame, it is your duty to acknowledge the fact frankly and honestly, be the consequences what they may. You owe this to your own conscience.

It is a far harder thing to know how to forgive thoroughly those who have wronged us. For more often than not they don't want our forgiveness, and do not repent of the evil they have wrought.

What is to be done in such a case? An answer to this question was written by an anonymous Syrian teacher more than two thousand years ago: "If a brother sin against thee and seek thy pardon, forgive him; but if he persist in the wrong and repenteth not, even then forgive him from thy heart and leave the issue to God."

That was good counsel, though written so long ago; not many are equal to obeying it even to-day.

But my firm conviction is that only by following this method can we be at peace with ourselves. We must forgive in our own hearts those who do us harm without waiting for them to express regret. Sometimes they will; more often they will not.

* * *

Still, if we can succeed in wiping all resentment out of our minds, it sometimes works a miracle. Try it and see. If someone has done you an injury, don't refer to it; overlook it; don't let it rankle in your thoughts; pay no more attention to it than if it had been done to someone else. You may find that in this way you have gained a friend

This is a great test of character. Can you rise to it? If so, you have learned one great secret of a tranquil mind.

Grave Danger of INDIGESTION

How Serious Stomach Troubles Arise

If you cannot eat—cannot work—cannot play ; if you are endangered by Digestive Trouble, run down and out-of-sorts, take a few Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets and feel fit and fresh in a few minutes !

YEAST-VITE To the Rescue.

Striking at the very root of life itself—depriving the unfortunate sufferer of three-quarters of the joy of living, Indigestion daily ruins thousands upon thousands of lives.

Few ailments are more distressing !

Few physical disabilities cause such a variety of suffering !

Very few troubles are so dangerous and so deadly !

Yet perhaps no other condition is more neglected !

The inability to digest food causes semi-starvation of the whole body and weakness of every part of the human organism. Behind it come health troubles by the score. Low Vitality, Frayed Nerves, Weak Blood, Severe Head Pains, Constant Lassitude, etc., all follow in its train.

The constant efforts to "force" digestion by harsh means keep the stomach lining in a state of constant irritation. Thus stomach ulcers arise—chronic dyspeptics are formed !

RELIEF IN A FEW MINUTES

It is unnecessary and unwise to *force* digestion. It is equally as unnecessary to suffer digestive distress.

There is a remedy which will restore the normal working of the stomach in a natural way. It is a remedy which will bring relief from suffering in a few minutes. *YOU* have heard of it. It is "Yeast-Vite" !

In its content of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiac) "Yeast-Vite" gives the stomach Natural digestive enzymes which enable it to deal adequately with the food you eat. It provides, too, a specially concentrated supply of a vital substance—Vitamin "B," without which perfect digestion is impossible.

Thus, in a purely natural way, "Yeast-Vite" reorganises and revives every part of the delicate and complicated machinery of digestion. Gently it persuades the digestive organs to resume natural functioning of their own accord, and strengthens the weakened stomach.

NO CURE-NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS - -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES - - -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE - - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION - -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES" - - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION - -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION - -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS -	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM - -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD -	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

WEAKNESS, INSOMNIA, EXHAUSTION

"Could Not Get Nourishment From My Food."

Wood Green, N.22.

Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in writing to inform you of the truly wonderful benefit I have derived from your famous tablets.

Throughout last year I suffered severely from general weakness, sleeplessness and consequent decline in general health.

Despite the most careful choice of diet, I did not seem to get sufficient nourishment from my food, and this brought me to a state of extreme exhaustion.

After trying various remedies without any beneficial results, I was advised by a friend to try a course of your tablets.

The results have been truly marvellous.

In conclusion, I must express my deep thanks and gratitude to your splendid tablets.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) B. M.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Tonic Tablets. From All Chemists, Price 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-.

New Sweetly Scented Beauty Cream That Ends Disfiguring Hair IN 3 MINUTES

Better than a Razor

At last science has discovered a dainty-sweetly perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair and can safely be used on the most sensitive skin of face or body.

Razors only make the hair grow thicker and faster; are painful and dangerous and leave the skin sore irritated and pimply. All known depilatories hitherto have been messy and evil smelling.

New Veet, 1933 formula, is the latest amazing discovery of science (patent process). Exactly like a face cream and as clean and pleasant to use. The hair just falls away. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. No dark patch like razors because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface. No coarse regrowth. New Veet (1933) is the same price 6d. & 1/6 in spite of the enormous cost of the new discovery.

FREE : By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 32 N), Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10.

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns ; Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration. and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it Now.**

(Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.
Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET,
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Ah! the Relief!

Resting your feet in a 'Reudel' foot-bath instantly soothes and quickly banishes

CORNS, callouses ACHING, SWELLING SORENESS TENDERNESS etc.

'REUDEL' BATH CUBE 2d OF ALL CHEMISTS

SPONDOOLICS! Dough! CASH!

A GENUINE SCHEME ENABLING YOU TO MAKE MONEY. A businesslike way to add to your income easily, quickly and pleasantly. Write NOW for full details and your FREE copy of the new Atlas Catalogue of genuine Household Bargains. Amounts earned only limited by your own abilities. Send a P.C. NOW with your name and address only to—

ATLAS WHOLESALE SUPPLIES LTD.,
24 BROOKHOUSE MILLS, BLACKBURN

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A *Swindling* Political Leader

WITHIN the past year a most enterprising gentleman named Sidney Hubert Hamlin has tried to establish himself as a leading figure in the literary world.

He has imposed with marked success upon a band of victims which already includes, I have discovered, several men of letters, firms of publishers, printers, and would-be writers.

In addition, this affable adventurer has contrived to win support, financial and otherwise, as the leader of a new political party with a so-called patriotic programme.

With nothing more than a choice wardrobe and a plausible tongue, he has so far been able to perpetrate his frauds unchecked, a remarkable achievement when one finds that his major operations have been directed from headquarters in the heart of Fleet Street itself—at 54-55, Fetter Lane.

You would have thought the newspapers would have found him out months ago.

At these offices he has until recently filled the dual roles of managing director of the Hamlin Publishing Company, Limited, on the one hand, and of Founder and President, on the other, of the Reactionist Party, which he promoted for the purpose of introducing into Parliament "live" members with non-party bias and independent views.

Hamlin : Hitler

His political slogan was "Britain First." But its use was just part of his clever hypocrisy. A more fitting phrase in view of what I can reveal, would have been "Hamlin First!"

It was evident from Hamlin's "Reactionist Party" propaganda that he fancied himself as a bit of a Hitler, for he was out to show all our present statesmen how the country really should be run!

The word "Reaction," he explained in his propaganda literature, was chosen by him specially because it implied a complete policy in itself.

Of the Conservative, Labour and Liberal Parties he had much to say. "These three great parties of our time, despite their continually augmented policies, have failed drastically to improve post-war conditions in this country," he wrote.

Hamlin intended to change all that! His "Reactionist Party," in fact, was to be the "Remodeller."

"These other parties," he asserted, "have preached such incomprehensible gospels that the people themselves are unable to formulate any opinion where lies the first root of our economic ill. . . . The people should be able to form opinions of their own."

One of his pamphlets, headed "My Policy, by the President," ended with the following dramatic appeal:

"I call upon every Quaker in this country to support our party.

"I ask every Protestant, every Roman Catholic, who believes, as I do, in the instruction to render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to God all else, to support our party.

"I ask the soldiers, the sailors, the airmen, who fought in the Great War, to rally to our support. In face of *any* opposition, I will lead my Party to victory!"

When Hamlin originally descended on Fleet Street it was in the guise of a small publisher, and his chief output, meagre as it was, consisted mostly of volumes of very limited interest.

Then, suddenly, he blossomed forth in real earnest. He had decided that the Hamlin Publishing Company, Ltd., should become a firm of real prominence in the publishing world.

Early last autumn he figured prominently at a literary banquet, held at a well-known London hotel, in honour of Shakespeare's memory. In connection with this he produced a number of magnificently designed brochures, which won him unstinted praise.

The congratulations bestowed upon the Hamlin Publishing Company, Limited, for the part it had played in this function pleased him immensely. For Hamlin himself was the real promoter of the banquet, and his happy judgment in linking with it Shakespeare's name was only just another instance of his astuteness.

In view of this it is not surprising to find that though Hamlin had to pay a deposit to the hotel before the "Shakespeare Anniversary Night" banquet was actually booked, all efforts to induce him to remit a cheque for the balance have since been unavailing. Even the issue of a writ has not secured the desired effect.

The hotel company is only one of the victims of this clever bluffer. He has deceived many people who to-day are seeking him in vain for redress.

One is a man who, completely disillusioned by Hamlin's convincing talk, is the poorer by over £4,000 as a result. Most of this money was obtained by Hamlin in connection with the great "future" programme of the Hamlin Publishing Company, Limited.

Author victims

Some of Hamlin's victims, I regret to say, are people who believed they could write "best-sellers," and, being ignorant of the pitfalls which mostly await young authors in such circumstances, had the misfortune to get in touch with Hamlin.

A typical case is that of a Bournemouth woman who has spent much of her life in the East.

A few months ago she answered an advertisement that intimated that manuscripts would be revised for a small fee.

As a result she was introduced to an agency in the same building as Hamlin's office, and under the sway of an official there, who at once saw great possibilities in the manuscript, paid over the fee of five guineas for expert revision.

At a later date Mr. Hamlin came on the scene. For £250 he would "diligently produce and publish" and "use his best endeavours to sell it" and otherwise ensure its complete success.

His verbal promises to this £250 client were most encouraging, to say the least.

Being unaware of the fact that this kind of transaction is regarded as highly objectionable in the literary world, the woman handed over her money. And all she has got in return are a few copies of her published book, which has so far revealed no market value.

Quite apart from failing to carry out his worthless promise to make the publication a success, Hamlin has not even paid a printing firm to whom he delegated the order for copies to be printed, nor has he settled the account of the bookbinder he approached in similar circumstances.

Several other would-be authors have been caught by Hamlin in much the same sort of fashion, and several creditors have long since been pressing for various amounts of money due.

Even lawyers have failed to move Mr. Hamlin. The Bournemouth victim's solicitors, for instance, made repeated efforts to get some sort of satisfaction from him, but he finally ignored their letters altogether.

Queer demands

I can well imagine their client's feelings when, having now lost more than £250, she received a demand from the literary agent who had introduced her to Hamlin for a cheque in payment of "the introduction fee." This, she was told, was usually twenty guineas, but in the circumstances only five was requested!

Now this literary agency, I find, was run by a Miss April Day, who, curiously enough, also figured as the political secretary of Mr. Hamlin's "Reactionist Party."

One of Hamlin's victims in his "political party" operations is a blind ex-soldier who invested money because he believed he was likely to get an "early seat" in the House of Commons.

Latterly complaints of all kinds have been piling up against Hamlin.

It is not surprising that Hamlin and his friends are no longer to be found at the Fetter Lane offices. Neither is it surprising that detectives are now constant visitors there, bearing complaints from victims who have suffered at Hamlin's hands.

Hamlin's demeanour was elegant to the last. He made his get-away from Fetter Lane by inducing the landlord's representatives to believe that he had taken additional offices elsewhere—in order to cope with the growing business of his company! — and was allowed to move his safe and best articles of furniture without hindrance.

In one of his final exploits his behaviour, in my opinion, was that of a cad.

After he had left Fetter Lane he threatened one of his secretaries that if she dared to say anything to anyone about his company's inner affairs he would shoot her. He so frightened the woman that she went to the police.

Enquiries made by my department enable me to say that Hamlin has a black police record and has been convicted for various offences. On one occasion he served three years' penal servitude!

The frontispiece to one of Hamlin's publications — but this lady also figures among his financial victims

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Generations of BUNK

MOHAMED BOGH, of Fenton Street, Leeds, an Indian, who was stated to have claimed in advertisements that he could "cure bad eyes and catarrh without an operation," and that he knew of a "wonderful Oriental treatment for all diseases; never failing," has recently lost an action brought against him at Leeds County Court.

Bogh was sued by a Leeds printer for £23 for circulars supplied. After Bogh had explained that his family had carried on this sort of business for generations, Judge Woodcock remarked: "Don't you think it is time you gave it up? Don't you think you have probably done enough mischief? I am glad to see you are not making much money out of it, are you?"

The Indian "bunk" merchant agreed that he was not making much money.

As long ago as September, 1931, we passed comment on Bogh's activities, when we dealt with the case of a woman who had consulted him.

He told her that the condition of her eyes was very serious, and, alarmed at the diagnosis, she hastened to a fully-qualified man, who assured her that the verdict had been cruelly incorrect.

Under pressure, the Indian "specialist" returned the fee paid him.

Mohamed Bogh is without any qualification, degree or diploma that is registered or recognised in this country. Practitioners of his type should be sedulously avoided by all who suffer from eye troubles.

CADBURYS

½D OFF ALL HALF-POUND BLOCKS

Cadburys
Bournville
CHOCOLATE
PLAIN
CADBURYS BOURNVILLE CHOCOLATE

NOW ONLY 7½D

QUALITY UNCHANGED

You now pay ½d. less for every ½ lb. block of Cadburys chocolate you buy. The whole range of these big ½ lb. blocks has been reduced in price. For instance, you now pay only 7½d. instead of 8d. for the popular ½ lb. Bournville block. The quality, of course, remains unchanged. You get exactly the same fine chocolate in the ¼ lb. (4d.) and 2 oz. (2d.) Bournville blocks. You have already discovered that Cadburys blocks are better value. *Now Cadburys ½ lb. blocks are better value than ever!*

Cadburys Dairy Milk
½ lb. block now 8½d.
Cadburys Milk Fruit and Nut
½ lb. block now 9½d.
Bournville Fruit & Nut
½ lb. block now 8½d.
Cadburys Whole Nut Milk
½ lb. block now 9½d.
Cadburys Brazil Nut Milk
½ lb. block now 10½d.

TESTED JB

You save on ½lbs

HUGE HOLIDAY X-WORD PRIZE AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT !

Result of Competition No. 219.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from :—

Mr. J. W. HONEYCOMBE, 258, AMHURST ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 20s. a Week for life, £200 in cash and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life or one lump sum of £500.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 1st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 37 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £4 1s. 1d.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD NO. 217—Eleven competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £9 1s. 10d. will be despatched accordingly.

Try your skill in "John Bull's" Great X-Word on Page 40. A huge Three-in-One prize and other cash awards must be won.

PHOTOGRAPH

WITH

ROLL FILMS — FILM PACKS

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ACIDITY, GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. A trial will convince you that this is positively the world's best remedy for Indigestion.

Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free from

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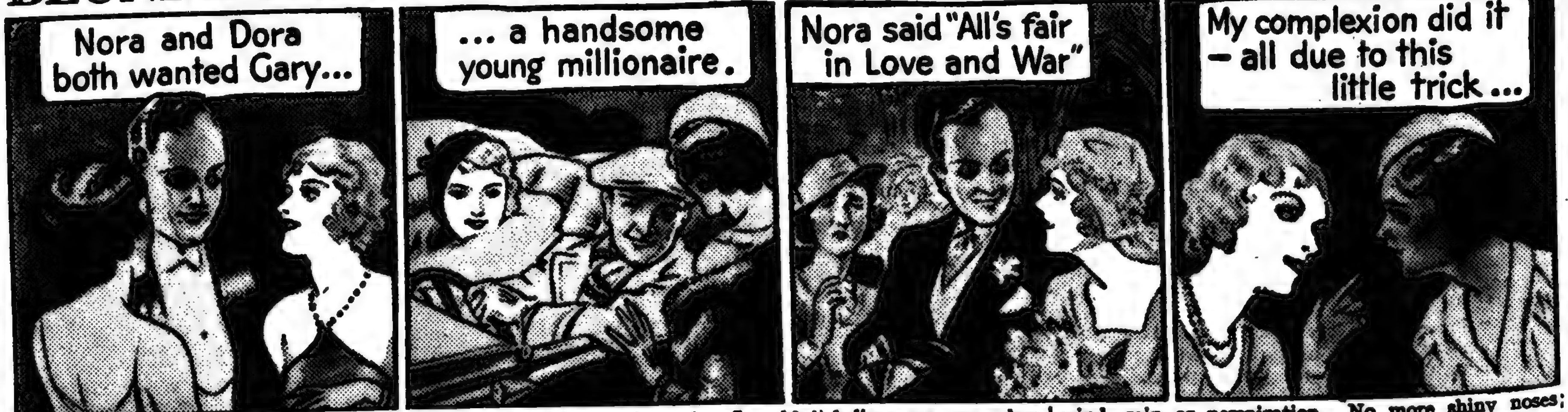
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

BLONDE & BRUNETTE *in* MATRIMONIAL STAKES. . . . . .


Nora and Dora both wanted Gary...
... a handsome young millionaire.
Nora said "All's fair in Love and War"
My complexion did it — all due to this little trick ...

. . . . I always realised that the one thing which attracts a man more than sex appeal or stylish clothes was a beautiful complexion. But I was no beauty. Then I learned a little secret. To mix some Mousse of Cream with my face powder. What an enormous difference it made. I couldn't believe my eyes when I looked in the mirror. Mousse of Cream is blended by a patent process in Poudre Tokalon. That is why Poudre Tokalon gives complexions of fresh, youthful beauty which remain untouched by wind, rain or perspiration. No more shiny noses; no more greasy looking faces. Poudre Tokalon stays on all day. To get a marvellous complexion which looks absolutely natural use Poudre Tokalon. Prices from 6d. a box.

Strange Mystery of Two Hospitals

BY repute, its local government system is the pride of Britain's public services. Always the world has been asked to admire its virtues, and particularly the fact that it is clean and fearless in all administration.

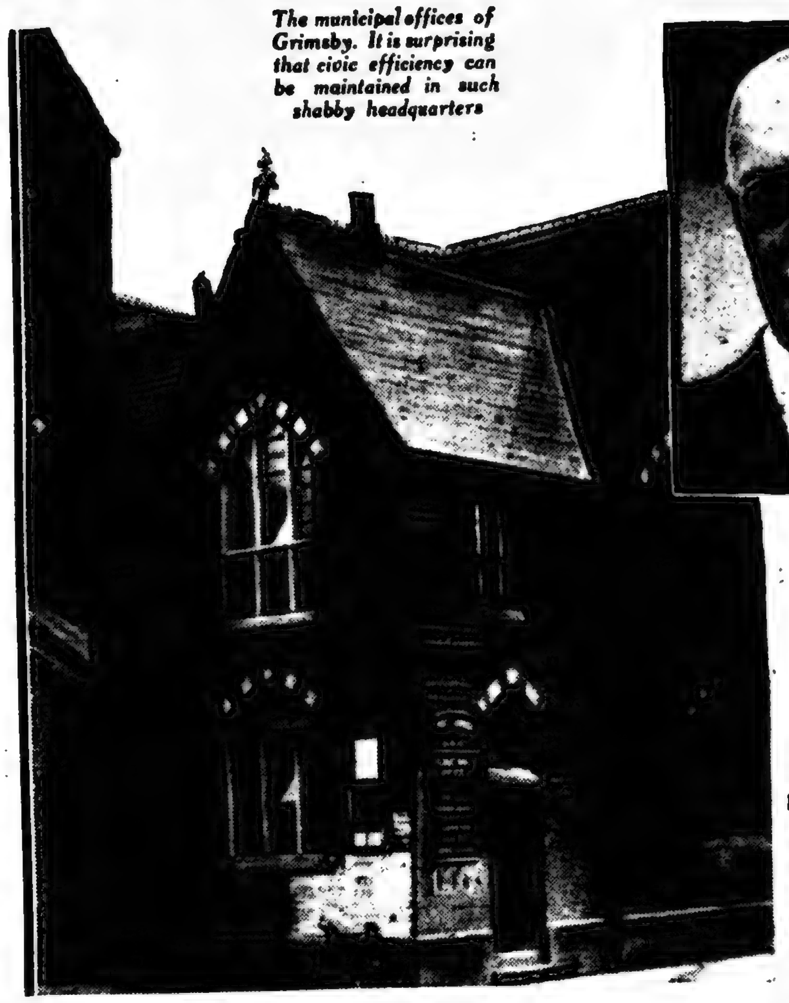
It certainly has been so. But a rot has now set in.

Again and again in recent months JOHN BULL has had to lift a mask from civic corporations and publicly reveal a most unhealthy and alarming condition of affairs.

We have found in large municipalities inefficiency, grave errors, and worse. Sometimes the guilt has rested with high public officers, and in other cases only the members of the town or city councils concerned could be held culpable.

There has, however, been a graver and more disturbing aspect of these scandals. In most of them, whoever was to blame, desperate and elaborate attempts have been made to stifle the truth.

Reports of investigations have been consistently suppressed, and always the citizens of the affected towns have been kept in total darkness as to the nature and magnitude of the offences.



The municipal offices of Grimsby. It is surprising that civic efficiency can be maintained in such shabby headquarters

Dr. B. C. Stevens (left), Chief Medical Officer, was ordered to resign without reason being given: (right), the Mayor, Mr. T. Newby, thought the dismissals too painful for public explanation

Queer events

It is necessary now to direct attention to some strange recent happenings in the great fishing port of Grimsby.

Let it be said that those most intimately associated with local government work in this country have for long had reason to marvel that this town has been able to maintain a very high standard of efficiency throughout its public departments.

Its municipal offices, contained in a disused and dingy chapel, are surely the shabbiest and most deplorable civic headquarters in all Britain, and it is little short of miraculous that the community has been served so well by officers condemned to direct its affairs in such surroundings.

Seven months ago there descended upon Grimsby, unannounced and unknown to the public, a party of investigating officers from the Ministry of Health. They came to examine the public health services of the town.

No explanation has been given to this day of the circumstances which prompted the Health Ministry suddenly to send out these expert inspectors. With good reason, however, JOHN BULL suggests that their visit was in consequence of a letter, forming a serious indictment, which was sent direct to the Ministry by an official of the town.

Most exhaustively the Government investigators probed the entire health administration of Grimsby—corporation hospitals, sanatoria, welfare centres, clinics, and the system by which the sale of unfit food is detected.

These enquiries were focussed particularly upon the affairs of two hospital departments, the conditions under which patients are treated, and the quality of the administration.

Round this to-day mystery revolves. Then they concentrated on ascertaining fully the nature of the professional relations between the heads of the departments involved and the extent to which possible feuds might be affecting the adequacy and efficiency of the town's principal public service.

No information regarding this enquiry has ever been given by the Grimsby council to the citizens, and the strictest secrecy has been sternly maintained as to its course and character and result.

The report and finding of the Ministry have been so drastically concealed that no member of the council will even discuss them with his constituents.

For more than six months the Government report and criticisms were before a committee of the council which sat always in private and took the most stringent precautions that not the slightest information or hint should be publicly given regarding its functions.

One consequence, of course, was inevitable. Every official in the health service, high and low, has been in the public view under a cloud. Report and rumour have spread unchecked. All the time the town council of Grimsby has been well aware of the evil fostered by its secrecy and suppression of the truth, but it has remained callously indifferent.

A clean sweep

At long last the council did assemble as a full body—in private, of course—to decide what was to be done.

Its action was astounding.

Without offering an iota of reason, it decided by a majority of two to one to demand the resignations of the four principal officials of the Health Department.

They are Dr. Bertram C. Stevens, the Chief Medical Officer of Health; Dr. W. D. R. Thompson, the Tuberculosis Officer; and Miss Eno and Miss Day, the matrons of the isolation and sanatorium hospital branches.

This drastic and unexplained decision had, of course, to be confirmed at a public meeting of the council, and this meeting took place a week later.

But more mystifying events occurred during the week of waiting.

Somehow the members of the council were brought to realise that they were, in effect, ending the professional lives of four people of distinction and ability without giving them any opportunity of learning or rebutting the secret allegations against them.

Never, in fact, has any local authority behaved more unjustly to its public servants than in this extraordinary case.

It was said that when the council met publicly there would be lawyers present from London.

If there were court proceedings, might it not be established that the council members were sorry figures who had evaded responsibility for their own sins by finding and punishing scapegoats?

All reinstated

When the council did meet openly, solicitors and shorthand writers were present on behalf of interested parties to record its proceedings.

The council from the outset was now in a funk. The Mayor, Mr. T. Newby, instructed the members not to review in public what they had said and heard in private. It was too painful, he said.

One member abjectly excused the concealment of the truth on the ground that the greater the truth the greater is the libel.

And the brave council which had acted so dramatically and fiercely in private a week before, now completely changed its mind when called on to justify publicly its wholesale dismissal of senior officials.

By an overwhelming majority, the whole subject was referred back to a committee. In other words, the doctors and matrons remain.

So Grimsby is back exactly to where it was when the Government investigators arrived seven months ago. The council has not even given a guarantee that what was found wrong then has been or ever will be put right.

The Minister of Health should himself issue the report which the Grimsby councillors have concealed and acted upon so inexplicably and atrociously.

Only when this is done will scandals of this kind be checked in Grimsby and the other cities and towns in which they are becoming so alarmingly prevalent.

The Human Machine

Great *and* Near-Great

DESPITE all the alarums and excursions and conferences going on over the questions of currency stabilisation and commodity prices, there is really only one valuable commodity in the world, and that is time itself. Time is the basic raw material out of which you can make what you like if you use it rightly.

That is why it is not too much to say that punctuality is the hinge on which every effective door opens, punctuality not only in the keeping of appointments, but in the keeping of promises, in the keeping of every sort of engagement, and in achievement.

"I like a punctual man," said a great business magnate, "because he so obviously respects his word and has a regard for my convenience; I dislike an unpunctual man, because he interferes with my plans, causes me to waste my time—in fact, USES *my time—and implicitly tells me that I am not of sufficient importance in his estimation to make him prompt. Besides, punctuality is a quality usually found in common with other good qualities, and the lack of it argues the absence of other very essential habits."*

Many "little great people" seem to think there is something clever and important in making a habit of keeping other people waiting—but they're wrong. It's not clever; it's merely rude and unmannerly, and a complete betrayal to the world of their own deficiencies.

Such people so obviously lack system, are incapable of cool and calculated thought, and clearly rash and impulsive, since they never hesitate to make promises, though they must know that the chances of fulfilling those promises are very slim.

It is never the really great men who regard unpunctuality as a mark of consequence. Really great men think very differently. They know that the reverse is the truth—for they were helped to become great by the knowledge that time is very literally the raw material of wealth.

The Ticket-of-Le

"There can
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by Hargrave L. A

the Author of many bool
Crime and Criminals

Freed — but his hands are still fettered. Watched— and his fancy sees the inescapable vigilance that drives men to desperation . . .

QUITE recently an ex-convict was charged at a police-court with having destroyed his "ticket." For some time he had been fruitlessly endeavouring to "go straight," as it is euphemistically termed—that is to say, had been trying to obtain honest employment—and viewing this official document as his badge of infamy and an insurmountable obstacle to his securing honest employment, he had torn it up and vowed that he would not "report" any more. He was leniently dealt with.

This pregnant incident constitutes yet another reminder that this detail in our penal system is ripe for reconsideration and revision.

It seems pretty certain that no system of fundamental and widespread prison reform would be practicable that did not include this matter of the release of convicts upon "licence." Since it was first introduced into our penal system as far back as 1864, one is surely justified in regarding it as having outlived its utility.

By the way, as a police official recently pointed out to me, the term "ticket-of-leave man" is not used nowadays except in allusion to "old Adelphi melodrama," as my friend laughingly put it, and in this connection one recalls that fine old drama of Tom Taylor's, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." The term in use in official circles is that of "a convict on licence." But it is as the ticket-of-leave man that the public still looks on him.

This feature of our penal system was first brought into existence by the Penal Servitude Act of 1864, and may be said to be an extension or a copy of a similar system which had for many years been in existence in the colonies during the days of transportation.

After a time a convict became "free" within the colony, and was sometimes found a job in the family of one of the officials. This, it will be realised, was quite a different proposition to being released on licence in the country of the convict's birth.

However, the colonies became tired of being made the dumping-ground of England's convicts, and it soon became evident that a different system would have to be introduced. A good many conferences were held, and at length the penal servitude system that has since done duty in this country was evolved.

It will be interesting to describe briefly how this detail of freedom on conditions works. A prisoner, by means of good behaviour and an unremitting attention to the labour he is called upon to perform, is awarded certain "marks," not unlike the marks a child earns at school for good behaviour and success with his lessons.

The marks system was originated by a Captain Maconochie, who had been superintendent at Norfolk Island, as is generally known, a one-time convict settlement.

If the prisoner accumulates a sufficient number of marks he will be entitled to a remission on his sentence of one-fourth, and in the case of females, one-third. That is to say, suppose his sentence is ten years, at the end of seven and a half he will be "conditionally" released and will become a nominally free man.

He will be handed by the Governor of the prison in which he has been confined a printed form of licence, along with some good advice to go straight and "don't come back here again." On this form he will find certain conditions set forth, and having carefully studied these it will not be strange if he comes to the conclusion that his so-called freedom has assumed a somewhat facetious form.

He must keep this licence always with him, and he must produce it at any time he may be called upon to do so by a police official. If he could not produce it he would probably get into trouble forthwith, and his peculiar brand of freedom would come to an end at once.

One of the conditions of the licence is that he shall periodically "report" himself at a police depôt or station. This reporting is usually done monthly, but, of course, there may be exceptions to this rule made under special circumstances. The reporting must be done in person—that is to say, the holder of the licence must himself attend at the police-station and report himself. Thus he is being kept constantly in touch with his discreditable past.

It is this "reporting" which has always constituted such a formidable obstacle to an ex-convict in his efforts to retrieve his good name.

But this is not the only obstacle with which he is confronted directly he is released from prison. Under the Prevention of Crimes Act the police are invested with extensive powers of arrest in the case of a convict on licence. The holder, if he would keep out of trouble, should be careful not to be abroad after a certain hour of the night, and, above all, he must not be seen in such a position that might be interpreted as "loitering."

"Under suspicion"

Should he, for instance, be seen by a police officer rather late at night gazing steadfastly at the outside of a building, it will be of little use his trying to explain his behaviour by stating that he was merely admiring the architecture, although it might be perfectly true.

The officer will immediately, and not unreasonably, connect up his behaviour with an inward desire surreptitiously to explore the inside of the building, particularly if his individual line of crime happens to be that of a cracksman.

He will probably at once be arrested and charged with loitering with intent to commit a felony. He will also probably be convicted, and the result will be disastrous to him, for he may be sentenced to a further term of imprisonment and be called upon in addition to serve the unexpired term of his previous sentence.

I knew of such an incident occurring quite recently in the West End of London. The convict on licence, who was then going quite straight, happened to be injudicious enough to stand talking one night to a man he had known in former times.

Unfortunately for him his friend was "known to the police," and the two were seen by a detective, who immediately detained the convict on licence, whom he knew well.

His interpretation of this meeting was the secret planning of another "job" and, in accordance with the mandates of the Prevention of Crimes Act, he was in duty bound to interfere.

He took the ex-convict to the station (he had nothing against the other man, who was not on licence), where he charged him. The man was searched, and burgling implements were supposed to have been found upon him. These took the form of an ordinary penknife and a length of wire, which smokers sometimes use to clear their pipes.

The penknife happened to be fitted with a sardine-tin opener, or something of the sort, and so assumed significance in the eyes of the police and in all the circumstances. He therefore had to go back to prison, in spite of the fact—and of this I am assured—he had not even contemplated the commission of a crime.

A licence-holder, it need scarcely be pointed out, would not be entitled to receive the "dole," nor would he, one may with equal confidence state, be qualified to be assisted by the relieving officer, that one last refuge of the honest "down-and-out."

In addition to this he may not emigrate, unless, of course, he gets special permission. He is thus excluded from beginning a new life in a new land, which, it will be readily perceived, might offer a very good chance for a man who has fallen by the wayside to retrieve his past and reinstate himself in the trust and good fellowship of others.

When you have gone all through the restrictions which a licence imposes upon the holder, you realise, as was forcibly pointed out to me not long since by an ex-convict, that there are really only two things open to the man who has been set "free."

These are to go into the workhouse (he is allowed to do that, and may take his wife and children with him, and, sad to relate, these hapless creatures are often involved in these tragic circumstances) or return to a life of crime.

And herein lies the folly—the tragic folly—of this system of ticket-of-leave; for I dare venture to assert that there is not an ex-convict, however desirous he may be to "go straight," who will
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> ***"There can be no real prison reform while the 'Convict-on-Licence' system endures"***

et-of-Leave Man

by Hargrave L. ADAM,

the Author of many books on Crime and Criminals

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straight," who will hesitate a moment as to which of the alternatives mentioned above he will choose. He has, in common with many other unfortunates, a wholesome horror of the "house," and will have none of it. Quite recently I heard an old convict say that rather than enter the workhouse he would "finish up on the scaffold."

In connection with this matter of reporting, let me refer to a way by which it may be lightened for the ex-convict and his task of obtaining a situation made easier. This is the system which is answerable for the existence of prisoners' aid societies, but which, I am sorry to have to admit, are not generally all that they might be.

When a prisoner is on the eve of release on licence he is asked whether he will go to one of these societies. In most cases the prisoner prefers not to do so.

Suppose he elects to receive their aid, the gratuity to which he is entitled, instead of being given to him, as would otherwise have been the case, is handed over in trust to the officials of one of these societies, who expend it on his behalf.

They will endeavour to find him a berth, no secret being made as to his past. In the event of their succeeding, the society will further undertake the task of "reporting" on his behalf. The ex-prisoner is therefore not called upon to report personally at all. The society will have to be answerable for him, and keep a keen and constant eye upon him until the term of the licence has expired, when the ex-convict becomes really a free man.

Most people are familiar with the wild stories of police "persecution," of how they are supposed to "hound down" prisoners who have been released on licence. Let me say here and now, and with emphasis, that there is not a word of truth in any such charges.

The very reverse is the case. The police help ex-prisoners all they can. In fact, there is a definite plan in existence, supported by a special fund, for relieving those who have been in prison and in a helpless position and really desire to make amends.

I would like my readers to see into a book as I have—a large book, like a ledger—which they keep at Scotland Yard, and in which there are entries relating to money advanced from time to time, or tools bought for a large number of ex-prisoners, both male and female, who have thus been helped to go straight.

The fact that some of them have proved to be unworthy is not to be recorded against the police.

In connection with the conditional release of female convicts, a method exists by which the prisoner is prepared for the resumption of life outside. She is transferred from prison to a "refuge," and remains there for about nine months prior to being released altogether.

It is a kind of "home," and eases the transfer from a condition of repression to that of comparative freedom. It will be recalled that Mrs. Maybrick was so dealt with prior to her release, although her stay at the establishment was but a brief one, as she was returning to her native country, America.

Half-way house?

Could not some sort of intermediate stage be introduced in the case of male prisoners? Few people are aware of the shock occasioned to a prisoner, who has been long in confinement, when he is suddenly set free to fend as best he may—more especially when he is the holder of a "ticket," and is aware that he is the subject of an intensive watchfulness, when every street corner may reveal a challenge and every eye that dwells upon him with unusual curiosity seems to threaten his doubtful security.

I remember a prison Governor once remarking to me that a prisoner's real punishment begins, rather ironically, upon the day that he is released from prison. And such is the case.

While I do not wish it to be thought that I am indulging in a sentimental plea indiscriminately for the man who has descended to crime, I still want it to be made clear that the way of the transgressor possessed of a "ticket" is hard indeed, and that the stigma of prison is almost ineradicable.

I recall the case of a young fellow, of quite respectable parentage and superior manners, who got into prison more by misadventure than by any real idea of adopting crime as a profession, and who upon release had every intention of returning to honest courses.

He at length succeeded in getting a berth with a man of means, who engaged him mainly on the strength of his qualifications and the favourable impression he created. He occupied a position of trust, and gave every possible satisfaction.

Then one evil day he was seen and recognised by a crook who had known him in prison, and an anonymous letter to the young fellow's employer did the rest.

Not unnaturally the employer felt impelled to make enquiries, the truth came out, and he deemed it impossible that he should keep the young fellow any longer in his service. One might cite many such cases.

The question of the after-career of a released prisoner has always been a vexed one, but it seems pretty certain that the conditional release on licence does not help it at all. In fact, quite recently a prominent police official admitted to me that the system is a bad one.

Obviously it has never been very helpful to the ex-prisoner who has every desire and intention of returning to honest courses. The so-called freedom of such a man, who has or is supposed to have purged his offence, is hemmed in and fettered by the repressive conditions, exactions and threatened penalties of the various Penal Servitude Acts and the Prevention of Crimes Act.

Abolish it!

It would seem more merciful to give the prisoner a better chance of retrieving his good name if he were to be kept in prison for the full term of his sentence and then released a free man indeed.

I can discover only one sound reason for the survival of the conditional release of a convict, and that is the fact that it enables the police to keep in touch with the habitual offender who has no intention of living except by preying upon society.

We know that there are many cases where the ends of justice have been well served in this respect, many arrests of dangerous criminals brought about through the assistance of the "reporting" system. Whether these criminals would have been arrested or not had not the licence system been in existence cannot confidently be said.

However, one is impelled to ask whether this one isolated service to the State is sufficient to justify the retention of a dubious system, the initiation of which dates back to nearly the middle of last century, and which the police have themselves denounced.

Surely no comprehensive scheme of prison reform could be contemplated that did not embrace the entire abolition of this antiquated penal encumbrance of "ticket-of-leave."

WHAT A RELIEF !

"Don't touch it—it's agony!" How often have we heard some poor victim of a cut—a burn—a sore—utter that exclamation. How often have we wished for something which we could put upon the wound—to cool it and soothe it and bring relief and healing!

If only there were some ointment with the wonderful properties of Milton antiseptic fluid. To-day—*there is!*

It has taken years of careful research work in the Milton laboratories to produce this most perfect salve ever made—Milton antiseptic ointment. All the remarkable soothing and cleansing and healing effects of Milton fluid are now available in a form which can be kept in contact with the skin longer than a liquid can be!

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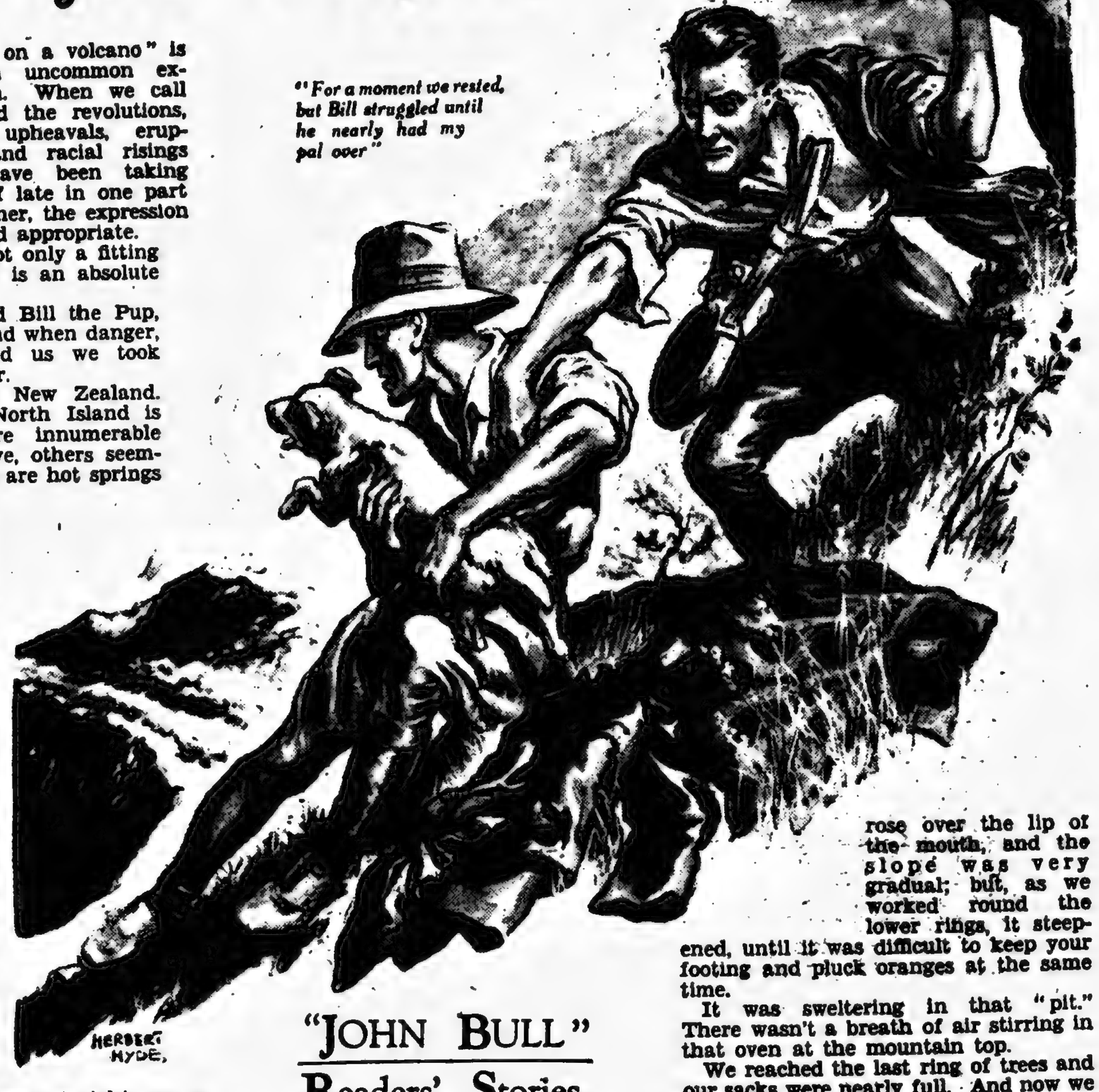
Down a Volcano —for Safety!



"For a moment we rested, but Bill struggled until he nearly had my pal over"

"LIKE living on a volcano" is not an uncommon expression. When we call to mind the revolutions, social upheavals, eruptions and racial risings that have been taking place of late in one part of the world or another, the expression becomes both apt and appropriate.

In my case it is not only a fitting simile; it is more, it is an absolute fact.

I and my pal, and Bill the Pup, lived on a volcano, and when danger, perhaps death, faced us we took refuge down its crater.

This happened in New Zealand. The whole of the North Island is volcanic There are innumerable volcanoes, some active, others seemingly extinct. There are hot springs at Wiawera, and pink terraces at Rhobomaha; even the beautifully situated cricket, football and sports ground at Auckland lies at the foot of a great volcano, Mount Eden.

At the time of which I write we lived at the edge of the bush in the Walkako country, in that luxurious land on the steep sides of Mount St. John.

Our two-roomed, weatherbound hut was built on a wedge-shaped bit of ground cut out of the side of the mountain like a piece of cheese.

Within 10 ft. of our back door the bare earth wall rose straight as a dart.

On either side it did the same, only in front there was a clearing, and the glorious view over hundreds of acres of fruit of every description, lavish, almost wild.

Then, beyond, the bush and the giant eucalyptus, backed in the distance by the blue blur of the mountain range and the spiral of smoke from a slumbering volcano, while but a mile or two away on either side rolled in the ocean, taking on, perhaps, a deeper blue even than the mountains.

FROM our side of Mount St. John it seemed to rise like a perfectly shaped cone; indeed, two-thirds of it was ringed with terraces that rose one above the other with the regularity of steps, as if designed by some expert garden architect, instead of being formed by the streams of hissing lava that had poured out of Nature's mouth, the crater of the volcano, up above.

If I appear to attempt to describe the scene of my story too minutely it is because it would be difficult otherwise for me to picture to you, with any sense of reality, the tragedy from which my pal and I and Bill the Pup escaped so narrowly later on.

Passing round to the "back" of the mountain, it would be seen that nearly a third of its side had broken away or been blown away by some eruption in ages back.

Right to the summit the jagged cliffs rose almost perpendicularly and totally inaccessible—very different to the green terraces that ringed round and about our weatherbound home.

It had been a blazing hot day, the day of my story, and we had waited until the sun had cooled off a bit before starting to gather the fruit from our orange grove inside the mouth of the crater.

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories

— 45 —

On its sloping sides the trees grew and flourished in the rich, chocolate-coloured earth so prolifically that the branches were weighed down with fruit.

It was only when we went down the volcano's mouth that Bill the Pup was chained up. All day and night he ran free and went with us everywhere, but we never took him with us to gather the oranges, for fear that, in his excitement, he might fall down the crater that yawned below.

It was an unhappy day for Joe William.

With our empty sacks we clambered up the terraces. Nearing the top, we paused for a breather, smoking a cigarette and gazing at the wondrous panorama spread out in front of us.

SHADING his eyes, my pal said: "There's a lot of smoke coming out of old Rhuapuke this afternoon."

I looked, and looked again. "That's not Rhuapuke smoking; that's a bush fire," I said. There was nothing astonishing in that. Bush fires were common in these dried-up days.

"So it is," said my pal. "Well, it's bearing away to the right, and won't get us, if it ever reaches this far, unless the wind chops round, my lad; then we'd be in a warm corner."

And so we were, but we didn't know it then.

With that, we reached the mountain top, and, with our sacks handy, started picking the fruit. It was easy work at first; the branches of some of the trees rose over the lip of the mouth, and the slope was very gradual; but, as we worked round the lower rings, it steepened, until it was difficult to keep your footing and pluck oranges at the same time.

It was sweltering in that "pit." There wasn't a breath of air stirring in that oven at the mountain top.

We reached the last ring of trees and our sacks were nearly full. And now we had to be careful; it was a ticklish job. Not more than 10 ft. below us yawned that black, gaping mouth! We hardly dared to look at it.

With one hand we had to cling firmly to the tree and pluck the fruit with the other. If we slipped, if the branch we held on to broke, nothing could save us. We should disappear, God knows where.

I remember the first time we ventured down the crater exploring, how we rolled a stone over the edge and listened. Yes, listened and listened, but we heard—nothing.

NOT a sound came up to us. No echo reached us. The stone we rolled had fallen, down, down, down; it seemed to us to be still falling into that bottomless pit.

Only a silence—a weird, uncanny, awful silence—surrounded us, and made us cling like grim death to the very earth on which we lay, and break into a sweat of fright and horror at the thought of what would have happened to us had we followed the stone we rolled.

At length it was all done. The last orange was picked. We sat down, still holding on to the trees, and rested. For a few minutes we sat in silence, hot and tired.

"Must be getting late," muttered my pal, "or else there's a storm brewing; got jolly dark all at once, hasn't it?"

We looked up at the sky. In a moment we were on our feet. "Look out, for God's sake, man!" I yelled. The branch snapped in his hand and his feet slid over the ridge on which he stood, and down he went. I don't remember things exactly, but I must have made a dive to "tackle him low."

A hand vainly clutching at the air I

(*Continued on page 26*)

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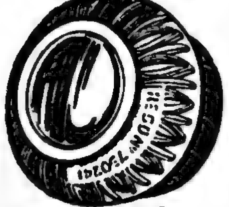

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The volcanic peak of Rhuapuke on North Island, New Zealand

Saved from a Bush Fire!

(Continued from page 24)

reached, and hung on to! There we lay for a moment, panting for breath, my pal's feet and legs hanging over the edge of that black tomb.

"Let me get a grip with my other hand, and then we're right. Steady, now, all together." And with a heave we rolled over to safety.

We lay there, and my old pal murmured: "Thanks, awfully." We could see clouds of smoke flying over our heads and the heat was suffocating.

We climbed to the top, and an appalling sight met us. Columns of smoke and flame were leaping round the base of the hill and up the sides towards us.

While we had been down the crater the wind had changed and risen and fanned the little fire we had seen in the distance into flames that shot through the smoke 50 ft. into the air.

Already the fire had reached one side of the gap in the hill. If it leaped across that gap or reached along the foot we should soon be surrounded, and escape would be impossible. We looked at each other.

And then a dog barked!

It was Bill the Pup!

IT wasn't much of a bark. It sounded faint and tired, as if he had been calling us for a long time. Again the poor weak bark came. He cried for help. He called us to come and save him. There was no mistaking what the dog was saying.

Without a word we leaped down the terraces, as hard as we could tear, shouting to him as we ran: "We're coming, Bill; we're coming!"

And, as we rushed down the hill, the fire raced up to meet us!

We found the little chap exhausted with his struggles to get free and half mad with fright.

"Give him a good drink, but, for heaven's sake, don't let him go; we'll never catch him if you do. I'll be back in a tick," I said.

I walked to the front of our clearing just to make sure. I had felt the heat blowing on to both sides of my face, and I knew that the fire must have leaped across that gap in the far side of the hill and that now we must be surrounded. I was right.

The ring was complete! Up the steep steps the fire was climbing towards us on all sides. There seemed no escape, no hope—unless. I turned and ran.

"Come on, pal, come on for your life," I cried. "Make for the crater; it's our only chance. Take Bill, but hold him fast; he's mad with fright. He'll rush into the fire and jump down that black pit. Go ahead; I'll follow!"

I filled a water-bottle and threw a couple of old jackets and a "bluey" (blanket) into the water-tank. When they were soaked, I staggered up the hill with them after my pal and little Bill. After me came the fire!

Looking up, I could see the smoke, shot with flames, rising over the top from the other side. It would be a near thing, but—somehow—I felt that we should just about do it. We did—just!

The three of us reached the top together, and down the first easy slope of the mouth we went.

For a moment we rested, but Bill struggled and strained to get free until he nearly had my pal over.

"This won't do," I said. "He'll roll you over and himself too, and down that ghastly hole you'll both go."

"What's to be done?" asked my pal. "If he breaks away from me he'll rush down there, and then—"

"I have it," I cried, and with that I turned one of our big sacks of oranges on end and emptied it.

In a golden stream the oranges poured down the slope; then, leaping from step to step as the descent became steeper, they bounded into that gaping mouth that waited for them! We watched the last orange disappear. It seemed like "feeding the brute"!

BUT the rapacious mouth didn't close. It still gaped up at us, as if waiting for us to follow and fall into its jaws.

In another minute we had Bill secured in the sack. The smoke was now rolling over the mouth; in a minute or two the flames would reach out and join over our heads.

The branches of the top ring of trees were catching alight. We should be baking in an oven. I cut and tore at the trees and threw the burning branches down the black crater, and, as I did, I thought they might make a torch to set alight the smouldering hell below.

Feeling our way in the smother of smoke and grime and charred wood that floated in the thick air, we got as far down as we dared, both of us holding on to the sack in which poor Bill weakly struggled. There we wedged ourselves in securely.

"Now then, pal, careful; open the sack a bit and we'll jam this soused 'bluey' in to Bill. It may save him."

Then we each threw one of the soaked jackets over our heads and had a pull at the water-bottle.

The smoke rolled down upon us and curled about us and tried to choke us.

The flames shot across the top and tried to reach us!

I REMEMBER my pal's head dropping and him rolling over! I remember gripping his belt with one hand, and with the other holding grimly on to the sack in which Bill still whined faintly.

I remember lying like this, spread-eagled on my back, trying to open my scorching eyes and look into the flames and smoke that were surely smothering the three of us—my pal and I and Bill the Pup.

Things seemed to finish about then.

A bark woke me!

A very feeble one, but still it was a bark. And it was Bill's bark. He gave the signal. He called help to us, even as he had warned us.

We were soon all right.

The fire on Mount St. John had been seen for miles around, and men had ridden over from other farms, but they had almost given up hope when they reached the crater and found no sign of us.

It was Bill's smothered bark that told them we were there.

We were in a bad way. Our farm had gone. Our home had gone. We had been all but baked alive, and we had nearly rolled to hell.

All we had left was a water-bottle and two old jackets, a "bluey"—and Bill the Pup.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader describes his experiences while adrift in an open boat for twelve days.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

Kentish Express:—"—— fell and fractured his RAM."

Wiltshire Gazette:—"Brinkworth won an interesting game by 14 GUNS."

Wanstead Express:—"Required, Cook-General; no MASHING."

Glasgow Evening Citizen:—"Brown EVIL with chenille spots."

Stamford and Rutland News:—"He had been under his CAR for rheumatism."

South Elmsall and Hemsworth Express:—"The bride was given away by her BATHER."

Birmingham Mail:—"THREE was a nice ring of spectators."

Ulverston News:—"The report of the SANITY inspector was read."

Eastbourne Courier:—"Instead of tearing or cutting his hair, he's cut the STAFF up into lengths."

Bideford Weekly Gazette:—"An excellent MOTH-wash."

North Wales Weekly News:—"The first air-liner will arrive about NOON on Monday NIGHT."

Answers:—"Escalators which travel at the speed of 180 feet an HOUR have been installed."

St. Helens Newspaper and Advertiser:—"Prize Winners: —— (necklet of BEARS)."

Newmarket Journal:—"It was on this course that Fred Butters' HOSE showed his best form."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Man in Agony

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WALTER is the only son of an ex-sailor who spent twelve years at sea. After leaving the Navy, he worked as a miner until December, 1931, when his right hand was injured, and he lost the use of his middle finger.

He resumed work in May, 1932, until the following August, when he met with a terrible accident, sustaining a fractured spine, fractured pelvis, four broken ribs and internal injuries. He was in hospital for thirty weeks, and has now been at home for some twenty-three weeks—a helpless invalid—tied to his bed, suffering excruciating pain and discomfort.

Out of his 30s. a week compensation, his wife says: "I have to pay 13s. for rent, and it takes another 8s. 3d. for insurances, coal and light, and I have to get my husband nourishing foods. Then I have to support my boy and myself. I used to be able to do a little work charing and washing whilst my husband was in hospital, but I had to give it up when he came home, as he needs such a lot of care and attention.

"I have gradually had to part with all my little treasures to get necessities." She also has to procure a surgical appliance every two weeks for her husband, which costs her 4s. 6d.

"His sufferings," she writes, "nearly send him delirious, and you can guess what it is like to have to watch someone you have been so happy with suffer the agonies he is in. . . . We have lived in this house for nine years, ever since we were married, and have never owed a week's rent yet. How long I shall be able to manage I don't know."

Their doctor states that a little help would go a long way towards hastening this man's recovery, and our readers will be doing this merciful deed by sending donations earmarked "Walter." These, as well as subscriptions to the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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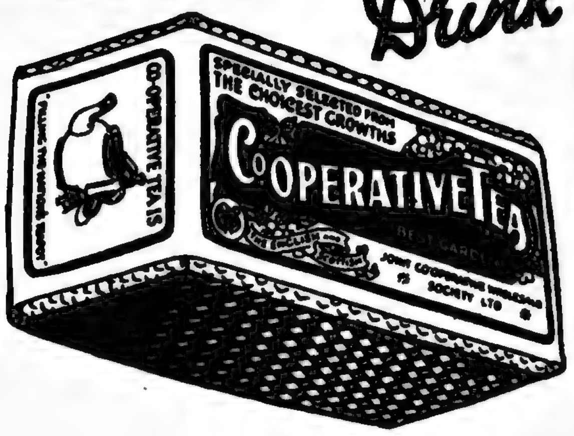

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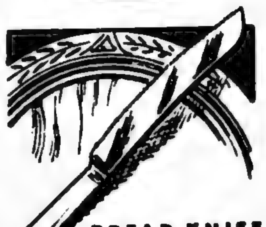

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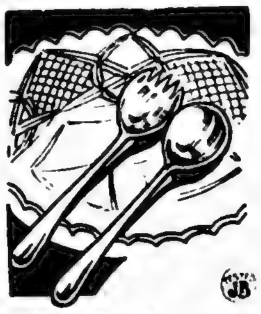

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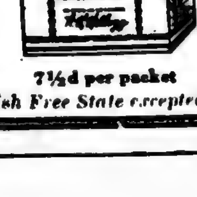

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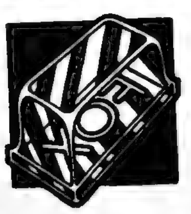

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The Hopeless Failure —but is he?

PEOPLE who wish to make a success of their lives do not lack advisers. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper or a magazine without seeing in bold letters: "How to Get On," "The Gateway to Prosperity," "From Office Boy to Manager," and so on.

This desire to "get there" is indeed a very lively topic, as my post-bag shows. A great number of folk who are simply bursting with ambition write to me of their hopes and fears. They tell me of their triumphs and disappointments. And their letters make extraordinarily interesting reading.

Take the case of the person who has tried desperately hard to win success and yet feels he has hopelessly failed. A young fellow of thirty, who tells me he has given up the struggle to attain success, writes:

"I have worked resolutely and hard for years in an endeavour to reach a decent position in life. At last I thought success was within my grasp, for I was promoted to be foreman at the factory, only to be dropped to the old position again when a son of one of the directors joined the firm.

"There seems no hope of my ever rising again. Yet I have studied at home night after night, denying myself the pleasure my friends enjoyed, and what money I managed to save for clothes I chose instead to spend on books.

"I might also mention that I have written a book. I struggled with it for twelve months, working every night, but the publishers to whom I have sent it have all returned it. Not only do I feel that my labours have been in vain, but I have made myself ill with the struggle and disappointment. I wonder is it really worth while going on?"

"What does he wish to become—a factory manager or an author?"

Now this young man has certainly had some knocks. He gained promotion at his work only to be relegated to the ranks again. At night he worked hard to improve his education whilst others were enjoying themselves and his health suffered as a result. And his attempt at authorship has met with no success.

Because of all these failures he says he has "given up the struggle." But has he? In spite of his assertion, I can't accept it. Why? Because striving is in his blood.

The fact that he asks the question "Is it worth while?" supplies the answer. He would not have troubled to write to me if his ambitions were completely stifled.

But how is he to win through?

He tells me his health has suffered from overwork. That won't do! It is too heavy a price to pay for any success. It may be that this indisposition has reacted upon his work, which would account for his not making the strides he had hoped to make. No, health first! He must take every step—exercise, fresh air, and so on—to ensure this.

WHAT next? He must not become unduly depressed. He is not the only one who has had to face failures. There are some people who succeed without any apparent struggle. But there are others who have to fight every inch of the way.

Yet multitudes have achieved victory in spite of every obstacle. How have they done it? Because of one cardinal truth. They have known just what they have wanted and they have allowed nothing to divert them from it. Ambition is all very well, but to be effective it must be allied to its twin brothers—concentration and energy.

This is just where my correspondent seems to have failed. So far as I can gather, he has had no definite aim. What does he wish to become—a successful author, a factory manager, or what? It is possible to dabble in many things and succeed in none. A jack-of-all-trades seldom becomes master of any.

And so to this young man and all who feel like him I would say: Follow the signpost with these words on it: "Ambition, Concentration and Energy," and on that road you will find success.

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who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

Now for problem No. 2. It concerns a young fellow of twenty-six. His hours are good and his salary is on a rising scale until he reaches his maximum in five years' time. But even then the possibilities are not exhausted, for he can obtain promotion to other departments. His letter goes on:

"All my friends think I am doing exceedingly well. But I am very ambitious. I want to do big things. The fact is I am mechanically minded and during the last year I have been working on an invention which I think should be patented. I have such faith in it that I am prepared to spend my savings and leave my job to push it, believing in the old proverb, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' But my parents think it foolish. You, I know, are an encourager of young men, and I should welcome your views."

Now, quite frankly, this is not an easy problem to solve. As my correspondent quite rightly says: "Nothing venture, nothing have." Risk and adventure are the spice of life, especially to the young. But the wise man is he who combines courage with caution. The fool hath said in his heart: "I will risk everything in one gigantic gamble, savings, position, everything!" That is all right when it comes off. But what happens if it fails? Take this young man. His parents would be able to say "We told you so," and that is always very galling. He might also find it impossible to rejoin his old firm or to obtain another equally good position. Further, his invention may not be all that he believes and hopes.

What I urge him to do is to keep his present position for the time being. There is no reason why he should not rise to one of those prominent positions which he hints will become available, and he can utilise his spare time to develop his inventive capacity.

But what about the machine he has already designed? I think his faith in its value should be confirmed by an independent authority. If this opinion is favourable he can either sell his invention outright, or sell it and keep a financial interest in it, or develop it in his spare time.

But what about those who have already attained success? Well, that is a question I will deal with in my third problem. A woman writes:

"When my husband and I were married we were very poor. We had to manage on very little and during a long spell of unemployment we endured real hardship. But, as I look back, I see that I was far happier then than now.

"My husband was always determined to get on and he took the plunge by starting a small business. It proved successful and slowly began to grow. Now he has eleven shops in different places and could quite easily retire. But he won't hear of this and says he is interested in his work and quite content in watching the business grow.

"I know I ought to be happy, but, frankly, I am not. I rarely see my husband. All our old friends have been left behind. And even the running of my house is in the hands of servants."

There is the other side of the story. Success has been attained and disillusionment has come in its train.

I advise my correspondent to have a heart-to-heart talk with her husband. Let them see if they can't recapture their old companionship.

IN their early days of struggle she stood by him and helped him. It is quite likely that he may need her help just as much to-day. Is it not possible for her to find an interest in his concerns?

If that is impossible, she should cultivate other outlets. She says her home is run by servants. But if she does not do the actual work, she can do the supervising and the planning.

There are also outside activities she can take up—activities of a social or a charitable or a religious character. Then, if she is not one of those who can make new friends, why should she not renew the friendships of the olden days?

One thing my correspondent must not do—worry her husband to retire. He is happy in his work and he would probably be miserable if he gave it up.

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✱ During the warmer days of summer, it is only wise and reasonable to see that meals are light but sustaining. Here is where Shredded Wheat is such a help. No dish could be nicer or lighter with cold milk, cream or seasonable fruits and no dish could be more wholly delicious, health-giving and sustaining. It is all pure wheat, made wonderfully light and digestible by its unique shredding process. Try Shredded Wheat to-day for lunch. It is served at most good restaurants and cafes in town.

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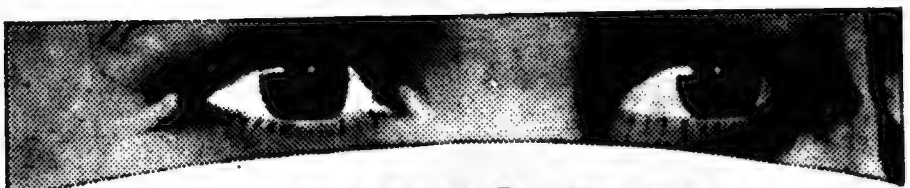

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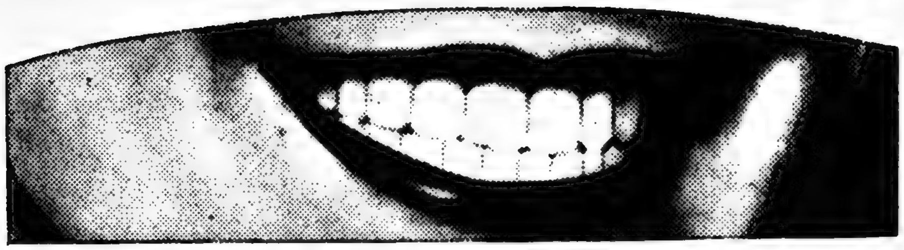

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Dogs COAT LOVELY

...yet last summer he nearly lost it all

"Until this summer my dog has always lost a great deal of his coat during spells of hot weather," *writes a Bristol lady.* "Apart from the nuisance of loose hairs on carpets and chairs, I used to worry over his appearance, which was most shabby and ragged. This summer I have been giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders, and his coat is lovely. In fact, it brings me quite a few compliments every time I take him out."

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Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent and cure all blood ailments such as **loose coat, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

1/- *boxes of* 21 *powders, and* 6d. *packets of* 9 *powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.*

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£250

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COMPETITION

Once More the CHANNEL PARADE

The freak crossing is now part of the Channel Parade

ON July 23, fifty years ago, Captain Matthew Webb, the first man to swim across the English Channel, took his last dip—he tried to swim the whirlpool rapids above Niagara Falls and perished in the attempt.

It is illegal now in Canada to emulate Captain Webb's attempt on the Falls, even if you are brave enough or foolhardy enough to try it. But there is nothing to prevent your trying the Channel.

There are, as a matter of fact, about twenty people attempting it this year, half of them women. They are what one might call the genuine aspirants—people with at least a sporting chance of making the crossing.

In addition, there are fully a score more, mere publicity seekers, who have announced their intention of trying. Some of them have already gone into training, but they stand no chance at all.

Last year there were about the same number, and the year before. Channel swimming has now become a vocation, with the same names among the aspirants year after year.

In August, 1928, it almost became a procession, with three successes—Miss Ivy Hawke, Miss Hilda Sharpe and the Egyptian, Helmy—all within a few days of each other.

A small industry

Around the Channel swim a whole trade has now grown up. There are special boatmen, special tugs, tide experts, trainers, special boarding-houses for the swimmers during training. It has now even the status of a special sport, with its own governing body, the Channel Swimming Association, of which Lord Desborough was the first president, which sits solemnly in session after each season, deciding the claims of those who have made the crossing.

Yes, there have been lots of changes since that day, fifty-odd years ago, when the gallant captain waded into the sea off Dover and set his face towards France. Even the swimming stroke has changed. They use the "trudgeon" and the "crawl" now, strokes unknown to Webb and the other pioneers.

And food? Webb did it on steak and onions, but the modern aspirant keeps his or her limbs warm and strong with scientifically treated foods administered under medical direction.

Only one thing has not changed—the Channel itself, with its baffling and exhausting sequences of temperature and tide.

Costly hobby

And, with all their science and organisation, none of the modern aspirants has yet succeeded in beating Webb's record of 21 hrs. 45 mins. for the crossing *from the English side.* That still stands. Only two men since his day have, in fact, made the crossing at all from this side: Burgess in 1911 and Sullivan in 1923.

Channel swimmers, compared with competitors in other sports, are in a class by themselves. They compete not against each other, but against the incalculable forces of Nature, of wind and temperature and tide. Unless all these conditions are exactly right, it is impossible to accomplish the feat.

Only about a dozen have been victors in the hosts of attempts that have followed Webb's first success, and Channel swimming is still the greatest test of physical endurance known.

It is an expensive pastime, too. If you fancy yourself as a swimmer, and you have a mind to pit your endurance against the Channel, you must reconcile yourself to pay from £100 to £150 for the pleasure.

That is what it will cost before you are done. First there is your accommodation and food for the month or two before the attempt; boatmen for your long practice swims; and your trainer's fees for his daily attention. On the night of your attempt there is the hire of the tug and crew, fees for the attendance of observers and doctors.

Then at the end of it all you may find yourself, like scores of your forerunners, taken forcibly from the water, semi-paralysed and semi-conscious, after twenty to thirty hours' swimming, with the coast on which you have tried so desperately to land almost within arm's reach.

No more money

And if you are lucky, and your arms and legs keep moving, what do you get out of it all? Only the honour and the glory. There is no money in it now.

There was, of course, Gertrude Ederle. When she plunged into the water off Cape Grisnez, in 1926, she left behind in her lodgings a suitcase stuffed with film rights, contracts for newspaper "exclusives," advertisement contracts, vaudeville offers and hard cash from the numerous firms who had supplied her with bathing costumes, face cream, patent food and scores of other commodities useful and useless to a Channel swimmer.

But she was an American.

She did the journey in the record time for a woman—14 hrs. 30 mins.—accompanied by a tug specially fitted with wireless, loaded with newspaper representatives, film operators, doctors and a complete jazz band.

It is said that she made nearly £10,000 out of her 14½ hours' swim. But nobody before nor since has touched anything like this reward, and is never likely to do so now.

It was hinted that a substantial cash profit awaited Helmy the Egyptian, who succeeded in 1928. But all he got out of it was a job as life-saver at an Egyptian seaside resort.

There have since been legless Channel swimmers, armless swimmers, and others who were going to do it on their backs. Two years ago there was "Zibby"—Charles Zibelman, a legless American, who was going to do it on cigars.

Fakers shown up

There was even the fake attempt of Dr. Dorothy Logan, and, whatever may be said against her, there are people who declare that she did a great service to professional swimming by showing how easily the Channel swim could be faked.

She merely swam out from the French coast for a few miles, boarded a waiting boat, was rowed across the Channel, and entered the water again a mile or two off the English coast, emerging an hour or so later on Dover beach, to receive the cheers of the waiting crowd.

As a result of her attempt, the Channel Swimming Association was formed, and now any such fakes are impossible.

Following the swimmers have been other bold spirits who have tried that fascinating and difficult twenty miles of water by other methods.

In 1931, an Austrian schoolmaster, Karl Naumestuck, "hiked" across. He used a pair of water skis, shoes as big as small canoes joined together by pivoting slabs of wood.

In 1929, H. S. Perry went across by motor cycle, using an ordinary standard model, fitted with floats and a propeller gear. He did it both ways in 7 hours, including 40 minutes for lunch in Calais. He took a pillion rider.

Previously, in 1927, a young Frenchman, Rene Savard, crossed on a watercycle. Before and since there have been crossings by rubber canoe, glider, eight-oared racing galley, balloon, punt and speed-boat.

Trophy waiting

But the Channel remains the same, inviting and treacherous, and setting still its high standard of achievement to those intrepid ones who aim to subdue it by their skill and the unaided use of their arms and legs.

And there is still a nice gold cup waiting at Dover for the first man or woman who can do what Webb did over fifty years ago—make the crossing *from England to France,* and make it in the best time.

Will anyone do it this year?

Your Last Chance

On pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL announces a very special concession to every one of its readers. This is a further and absolutely final opportunity, open for six days only, to secure the mighty new 25s. Presentation, "Wonders of the World."

So great has been the demand for the limited edition of this world's wonder book—the most costly and most beautiful fine art production ever presented by any journal—that JOHN BULL, in order to save its readers disappointment, has arranged for further supplies.

If you have not already reserved your Presentation Volume, this eleventh-hour opportunity is specially for you. If you have reserved your copy, here is a wonderful opportunity to earn a friend's gratitude by passing on pages 4 and 5.

Remember—it's now or never! You simply must not miss your copy of a work which Sir Philip Gibbs describes, in his special foreword, as "a magic casement through which, without stirring from a chair, we may see far lands which many of us may never hope to visit."

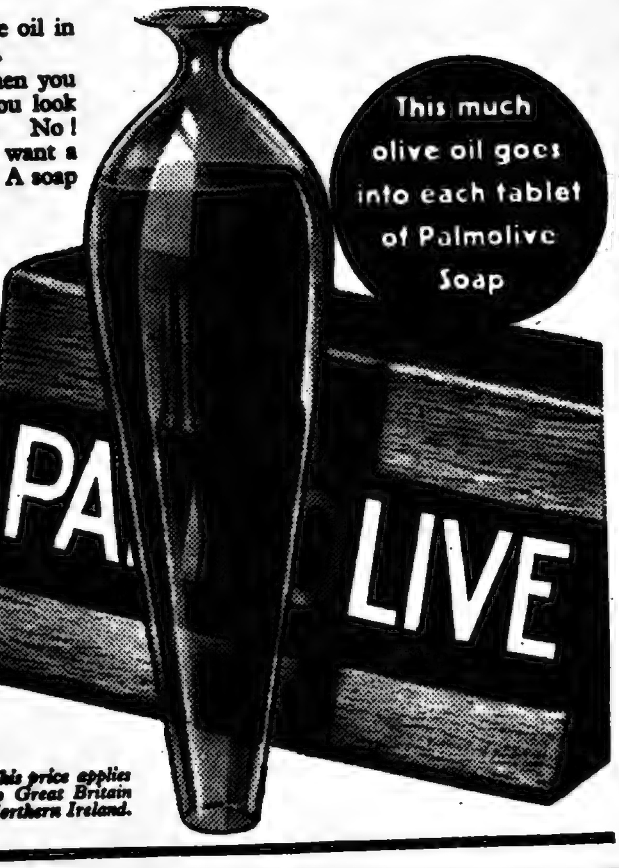
"My first beauty rule
wash with a soap containing Olive Oil"

She knows the value of olive oil in soap so she uses Palmolive.

What do *you* look for, when you buy soap? What should you look for? Fancy wrappers? No! Fancy odours? No! You want a soap of olive and palm oils. A soap without any artificial colouring; without strong, masking perfumes. A soap advised by more than 20,000 beauty experts because of its olive oil beauty results. You want Palmolive!

Wash with Palmolive and warm water; rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Dry with a soft towel.

Do that, morning and evening, if you want to keep youth in your skin!



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will renew your vitality. In one day you will feel brighter and much more cheerful. In two days you will feel a new man or woman. Debility, Depression, Brain-fag, Despondency, Lassitude—all these things will slip away like a dream. Literally thousands have been helped by taking "Brain Sparklers." So will you. Do not delay another day. Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all good Chemists either stock or will obtain "Brain Sparklers" for you. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 470. 1/9, 3/3 and 6/-, or order direct at the same prices, post free and privately packed, from

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Qualified Dispensing Chemists,
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What a relief!

Tortured, tired, protesting feet—feet years older than you ... Give them the blessed benefit of a hot foot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it ... Feel their pain flow gently out into the soothing water. Lucky feet, forgetting their troubles, regaining their youth—feet cooled and comforted!

Reckitt's BATH CUBES

2d. each and in cartons of 3 for 6d. or 6 for 1/-

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Show your teeth!

You will always be ready to smile if every night and morning you beautify your teeth with the tooth paste that has a guaranteed, measured germ-killing power. If you do not yet know what a delicious clean feeling Euthymol gives to the mouth, send for the 7-day free trial sample and a booklet, or buy a large 1/3d. tube, with the convenient spring-cap, from your chemist.

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To Euthymol, Dept. 67/33, 50 Beak St., London, W.1.
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol Tooth Paste.
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SENT FOR
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MB 40 is in Oxford style with closed front (see illustration), in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.

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(In ordering, please say which style required and whether Black or Tan.)

We will send you a pair of these Shoes at once on approval, for a deposit of 1/- only (see Coupon). If you are not entirely satisfied you may return the shoes, unworn, and your money will be immediately refunded.

Why not send Coupon NOW and save money?
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Please send me on approval, at this week's Bargain Price of 9/9, one pair Shoes.

Size required ....
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I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- or more. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH FULL NAME AND ADDRESS AND POSTAL ORDER CROSSED THUS / /.

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10 Years' Suffering Cured at Once.

Every stomach sufferer ought to read the remarkable experience of Mr. McL., of Aberdeen. This is what he writes: "For the last ten years I have suffered from an ulcerated stomach and was simply afraid to eat. For hours after I would suffer excruciating pain. I tried every known remedy but they all proved useless. My case seemed hopeless but a friend told me of his complete cure with Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I tried it and immediately felt better. After my first two bottles I could eat without the slightest pain. Now I enjoy everything and feel quite a new man.

"Only this week I purchased a bottle from a firm who stated it was the genuine Maclean's. But it had no signature and though I tried it, I found it was *quite useless*. So one has to be careful to see the signature 'Alex C. Maclean.' I have recommended your powder to scores of people and each one has had the same reply, 'Completely cured after first bottle.'"

Have *you* discovered the relief which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring you? Go to your chemist and get a bottle to-day. Be sure to get the genuine Maclean Brand with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

When HOT with cold

A bad cold seems ten times worse in summer. The heat outside, the high temperature of the body, the stuffy, "can't breathe" feeling—all tend to increase the discomfort. Take a Zox Powder. Zox acts like magic in relieving that "feverish condition" due to a bad cold. For over 30 years it has been the great stand-by in countless homes. Being in powder form it is more effective than tablets — especially for severe attacks of neuralgia and headache. Chemists and Stores sell Zox Powders at 2d. each, 1/6 and 3/- per box.

FREE! Send postcard for Free sample to The Zox Mfg. Co., 73, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1

TAKE ZOX

A VOICE Changed My Life

Mrs. Despard addressing a meeting recently in Hyde Park

—in my Greatest Hour

says

Mrs. Despard,

the 89-years-old "Suffragist" and sister of the late Earl of Ypres

OF all the wonderful hours in my life I think perhaps the greatest was that which was destined to change completely the whole course of my life.

I was at the time at Mass in the little chapel at my home in what had once been a public-house, at Nine Elms Lane, Battersea

Suddenly, as I knelt there praying, like a bolt from the blue came the feeling that I—who had spent all my life in England and was bound to London, and particularly to the quarter where I was then living, by the strongest possible ties—*must* go at once to Ireland to do other work there.

I was a Roman Catholic at that time. Now I do not belong to any religion, though that does not mean I do not acknowledge the supreme goodness of Him Who came to redeem mankind.

In recognition of the work I was doing among the people of the district I had been given a Mass, because it was a long way for us all to go to the nearest church. One of my large rooms had been converted into a chapel, and the priest used to come and celebrate Mass for us. I always had a special affection for that little chapel, and it was appropriate that in it I should live through my greatest hour.

It was the year of the Irish rebellion of 1916.

I COME of an Irish family, and what was happening in Ireland was of the greatest interest to me. Daily I had been reading very carefully all the bulletins. I was, besides, receiving news from friends over there. What I heard troubled me a great deal, and as the days passed I became anxious.

But in spite of all my anxiety I had not the slightest thought of going to live in Ireland; such an idea had never once entered my head—until that morning as I knelt at prayer in my little chapel.

Yet when a voice inside me began to speak I was compelled to listen. "This is all very well," it said. "You read the newspapers and you hear what others tell you But what do you know? How can you really know while you sit here in London? Your place is over there. You should go and see for yourself. Perhaps there is work there for you to do."

It was a strange, remarkable feeling. Rapidly it grew and grew until it had taken possession of me entirely.

As I knelt there I was slightly dazed by the suddenness of it, and I can remember quite clearly I felt as if there were a strong hand at the back of my head pushing me forward.

Towards what was it pushing me? I did not know. I only knew that whatever happened and at all costs it must be obeyed. Here, quite clearly, was the call to a new field of activity.

Then I thought of the work I had made for myself here, and I realised that it would not be easy for me to go. It meant saying good-bye to old friends. For over twenty years we had lived and worked together. In their difficulties they had known they could come to me. I was deeply attached to them. I believe they were attached to me.

MY connection with Nine Elms, Battersea, had begun in the early days of my marriage when I lived at Esher, in Surrey, in a house with a beautiful garden. Often I gathered the flowers and brought up baskets full of them to my friends in Nine Elms Lane. For I knew how sadly little there was of beauty in their lives and how much they loved the sweet-smelling flowers. They even christened me "The Flower Lady."

While my husband was still alive I was becoming more and more absorbed in the Socialist movement, and particularly in the little colony of Irish people round Nine Elms Lane. After his death (about twenty years before the time of which I am speaking) I felt that I could be of greater service to these good people, for whom I had the greatest admiration, if I lived near them. So I sold my house at Esher and came to live at Nine Elms Lane in a part known locally as "The Barracks."

Here I lived among them in almost exactly the same way as they lived themselves In addition I set to work to help them in every possible way I could.

I had started a Baby Welfare Centre. I bought in large quantities many things they needed, and sold them to the women in small quantities, thus enabling them to save quite considerably. And I found them almost always scrupulously honest.

WE had a large room where we held meetings of various kinds and where we met for social purposes. In many ways I had established myself as their friend and counsellor.

But especially was I their friend. I could tell you many stories of the most wonderful heroism I saw there—stories that would touch your heart, and make your blood boil at the thought of a social system that made such heart-breaking self-sacrifice necessary.

There was my own charwoman. She was a widow who had brought up three children. Her two sons were at the Front. And many a morning when she came in to do my housework I could see she was weighed down with worry. So I would say, "Well, how are things?"

"Oh! Mus'n't grumble, mus'n't grumble," she always replied.

Then after a little pause it would all come out. "But I don't sleep much these nights. Just can't. If they were taken I'd say it was the Lord's will. But I can't bear to think that my boys might be lying out there wounded, helpless, with not a soul near them to give them even a cup of water I'd almost rather know they were dead for certain. It's that that worries me. And I can't seem to get any sleep."

Yet she was up early the next morning just the same and she did her work just as well as usual.

Ties like that, of sorrows borne together and difficulties overcome together, had made the bonds of friendship very strong. I had been very happy in my life with these simple people. Looking back now over almost another twenty years I think I was happier with them than I have been in Ireland since.

Yet as the urge to abandon everything and go to Ireland took full possession of me I began to think of my ties in London in a remote, detached kind of way, as though already they belonged to the past. What had been my most vital interests only half an hour before seemed suddenly of quite secondary importance. The change was a complete surprise to me, and yet, once it happened, it seemed quite natural.

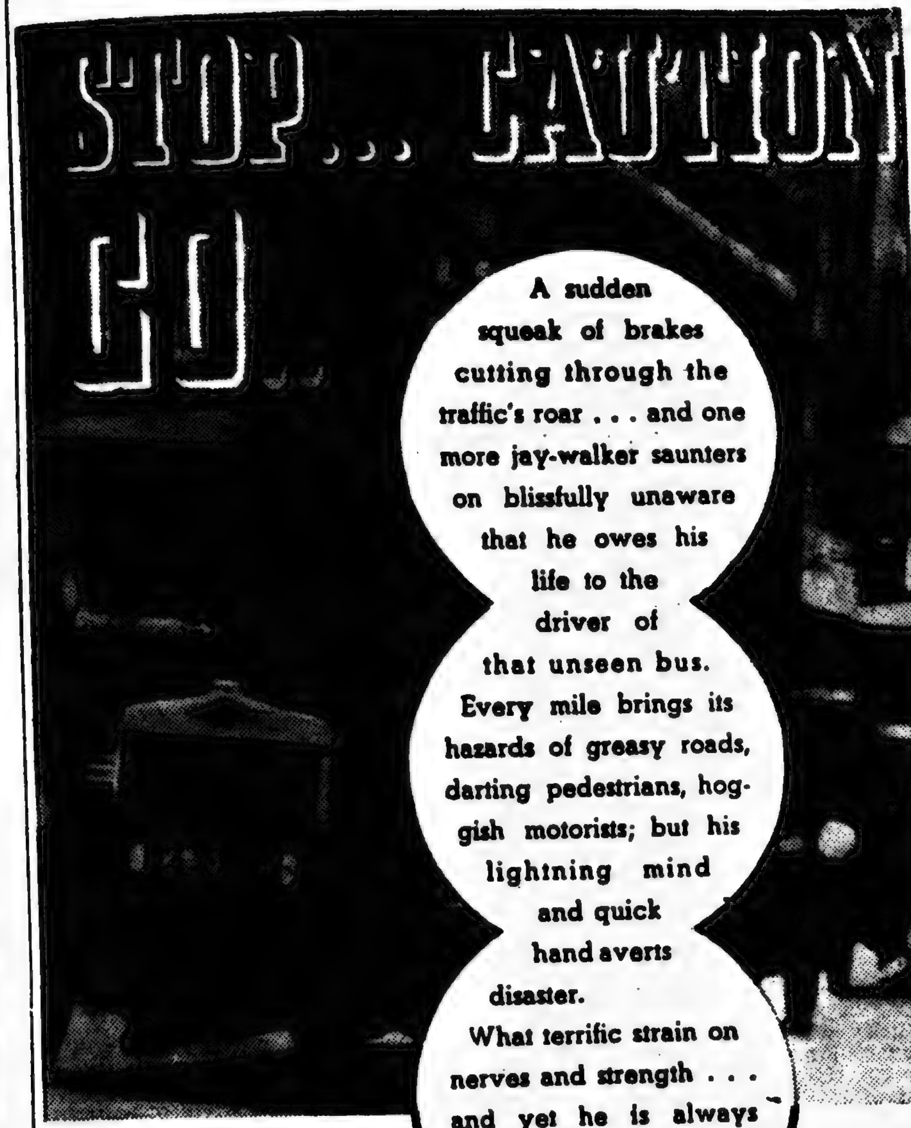
When I left the chapel my mind was made up. I would leave London and go to live in Dublin. It was, I think, the greatest, most thrilling moment of my whole life. I felt so sure of myself, so certain that what I was doing was right. If any of you have ever had that feeling you will understand what I mean.

THAT very day I began to make arrangements for my departure. There was the Child Welfare Centre I had founded to arrange about, the clubs and all the other social and political work I had been doing to leave in capable hands.

In a surprisingly short time everything was done and I was free to leave for Ireland, where I found things even sadder than I expected. Immediately I threw myself into political work there. I believe the very first job I tackled was the release of political prisoners.

And ever since Ireland has been my home.

STOP... CAUTION GO...



A sudden squeak of brakes cutting through the traffic's roar . . . and one more jay-walker saunters on blissfully unaware that he owes his life to the driver of that unseen bus. Every mile brings its hazards of greasy roads, darting pedestrians, hoggish motorists; but his lightning mind and quick hand averts disaster. What terrific strain on nerves and strength . . . and yet he is always fit and well. What is the secret ?

Correct diet is the biggest single factor in building up strength and stamina. Simple but amply nourishing food—like John West's Middle Cut Salmon. There's solid satisfying nutrition in these luscious steaks of the finest red salmon—a grand substantial food in concentrated form. With a meal of John West's Salmon under his belt a man feels—and is—ready for any job of hard work.

INSIST ON THE BEST—AND BUY

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

JW 58-25 PELLING, STANLEY & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND 41 EASTCHEAP, LONDON

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

RELIEVE SKIN AFFLICTIONS

USE Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment

Bathe the affected parts freely with the SOAP and hot water, dry gently, and anoint with the OINTMENT. Itching, burning eczema, rashes, pimples and irritations of the skin are quickly relieved and healed by this treatment. If you suffer from skin trouble of any kind you owe it to yourself to try **Cuticura Soap and Ointment.**

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS.
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

We do not publish testimonials from Society women, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

HELEN OF TROY.

Helen of Troy, the toy of fate, was a great beauty, and was the cause of great battles being fought for her. King of Sparta, her husband, thought his life well lost to regain his lost love.
Paris, whose beauty and great deeds in War, had succumbed to her loveliness. The Poet Homer quotes her face with its classical beauty, without a flaw, "as the sun gleams behind the petals of the white rose."

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

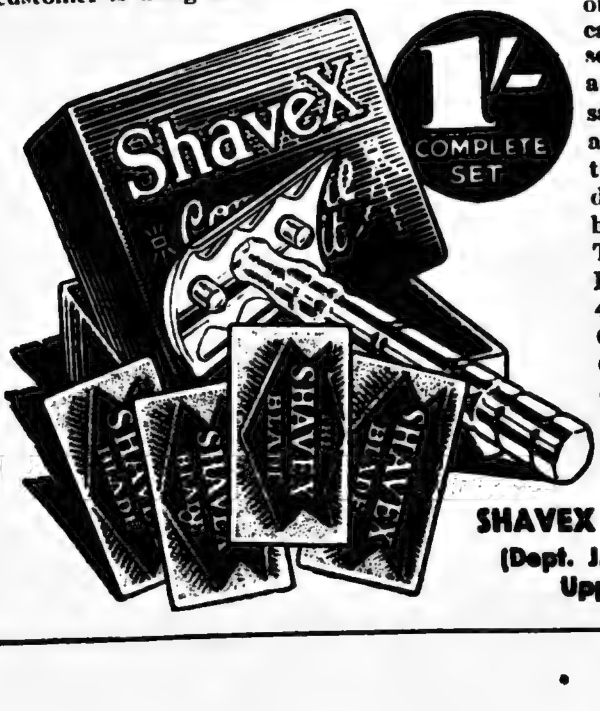
ALMOND OIL IS USED IN DOGE CREAM

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream
For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. De. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

FOUR 3D. BLADES GIVEN AWAY

Most of the leading newspapers are announcing a blade that has the keenest edge that has ever been known for a blade to have. It was never thought that any blade could be made with such marvellous sharpness and yet in shaving have such wonderful smoothness, but we have made this blade. We guarantee there is no blade in the world to compare with its longevity, its sharpness and smoothness. We hold a letter stating that a customer is using one of these blades for over 2 years, and that its wonderful sharpness still remains after long use, when other blades would have been thrown away. The edges of these blades are obtained by a secret process known only to ourselves, and every blade is examined by expert men testers. Four 3d. blades are being given away. We are charging 1s. for a New Patent Razor and are giving four 3d. blades away with each Razor. The Razor is beautifully plated, has a patent guard that prevents one cutting oneself and can be cleaned in a second. We further guarantee that if you are not satisfied with the Razor and Blades you can send them back within three days and your money will be refunded, also postage. The Shavex Super Blades were originally 4d. each, now 3d. each. Obtainable from all Chemists. Ask your Chemist to-day for our 1s. outfit, or send direct to :—



SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

Two of the unhappy half-caste girls of North Queensland

Tragic Girls of the 'Blacks Camp'

by An AUSTRALIAN *Woman Writer*

THERE are at this moment in the British Empire numbers of intelligent civilised girls who have no right to:

Handle their own earnings when they get any.

Choose their work.

Demand any provision for education.

Marry without official permission, or

Claim any kind of shelter but a filthy hovel, open to intruders of either sex and any colour at any hour of the day or night.

And these girls, classed as "Aboriginals" in Australia, are doomed to their terrible life just because they happened to have been born with a hint of colour.

Shocking stories of their ill-treatment have recently come to light, and in North Queensland a Government enquiry is being held into the allegations.

Let me tell you of some cases with which I myself came in contact in North Queensland recently.

Mary is a quarter-caste, who, if her "Protector" had his way, would now be living alone on an isolated cattle station as "housekeeper" to half a dozen lonely men.

That is the job to which he wished, and had the power, to send her. She very nearly had to go.

Yet Mary had been reared from babyhood by a white family. She bears their surname and has never been away from them. They keep an hotel in Croydon, North Queensland. Mary helps with the housework and waits on the visitors. She has been taught to read and write. She dresses well and sews beautifully.

More than one man, coming in from the Bush, has admired her. But knowing the way of white men with a half-caste, Mary's mistress guards her carefully. Mary is happy and secure.

A real protector

One man, however, conceives an idea of getting Mary away from her mistress's care. He applies to the Aboriginal Protector to have the girl sent to his station as housekeeper.

Mary's official Protector was willing to tear her from her friends and order her out there.

You might wonder what a Protector had to do with a girl like Mary, but the whole trouble was that Mary's grandmother had been an aboriginal. So long as the descendant of an aboriginal fails to marry a white man she and her descendants—no matter how civilised they are or how white they look—remain "aboriginals" too.

Therefore Mary's wages were paid to the Protector just as if she had been a black "gin," and she was supposed to do whatever he told her.

Mary was terrified when she heard what was in store for her. But her protests would have been unavailing except for her mistress's firm stand. Mary's mistress knew perfectly well that the Protector had the power to take the girl away from her, but she declared that if he did so it would be over her dead body.

When he heard that, the Protector gave in. The alternative would have been to take the dispute to headquarters (1,200 miles away) and perhaps he felt that his idea of a suitable post for a young girl might have been questioned there.

The case of Maudie

So Mary stayed with her benefactors. But all coloured girls are not so fortunate.

The worst case I ever came across was that of Maudie She had not been lucky enough to be brought up all her life by one family, but from the age of six she had lived in white people's houses and worked hard for her board and lodging.

She had never been to school, but she had learnt to be clean and neat. She made herself clothes from old dresses and pieces of material they gave her. She could keep house efficiently and cook quite well. By the time she was fourteen she had blossomed from a scraggy brown youngster into a lovely amber-coloured girl.

It was when her figure grew full and her black eyes learnt to sparkle that tragedy began for Maudie.

Usually white mistresses will not let their half-caste girls out of their sight. Literally, they are not allowed to cross the road alone after dark. But Maudie's mistress was old and could not be always with her. The result was disaster for Maudie.

The first I knew of it was when I went up to the hospital one evening. In the aboriginal ward that beautiful child lay tossing and moaning pitifully. She was desperately ill. For two days she lay there, at the point of death. At last a child was born to her, which, fortunately did not survive

Weeks later a convalescent Maudie came out of hospital. Her mistress declined to have her back.

Though Maudie was in a delicate state of health, and had lived as a white girl all her life, there was no place for her to go but the "Blacks' camp." That was the proper place for unemployed aboriginals and Maudie was technically an "aboriginal."

So the "Protector" sent her there.

No one can realise what that means who has not seen a "Blacks' camp." Every town in the backwoods of Queensland has one. It is a sort of rubbish tip for the dregs of the population.

Broken-down old women, dogs, children, and temporarily unemployed men herd together on the fringe of the township in hovels built of stray sheets of iron, hessian, and old petrol cases. Many of these hovels are too low to stand up in. Most have no furnishings. Food is eaten off a box or off the ground. Cooking is done in the open. There is no privacy, no sanitary arrangements.

It was soon known that Maudie was in the camp, and she was not allowed to be lonely. Welcome, or otherwise, visitors came. The shock of it was too much for her.

Within three months she was once more in hospital. Pneumonia this time, with complications When she recovered she was not fit for work, so back to the camp she went.

Afterwards the hospital matron said to me: "Maudie can never be better while she's living under those conditions. There'll be more trouble shortly. And there was. At seventeen she was deported to the penal settlement on Palm Island suffering from a disease as the result of the life she was forced to lead. I expect she is dead by now. I almost hope so. Yet, given a decent chance, she might have been a useful, happy woman.

A third girl I know was dismissed from the family with which she had grown up because her mistress's husband paid her attentions. She went to the "Blacks' camp," too, and gradually sank to the level of a degraded savage. What chance had she?

There is a fourth girl whom I knew rather well. She had the stabilising effect of a dash of Chinese in her ancestry This gives a steadiness that stands up to life better than a mixure of pure black and white.

Amy was general servant to a storekeeper's family when I first knew her. She was exceptionally spick and span and exceptionally intelligent. Her employers had taught her to read. Being an "aboriginal" she was not sent to school.

Film fan

In 1930 the storekeeper's family decided to do without a servant. Amy was given notice. The Protector had no work for her. The "Blacks' camp" loomed like an abyss ahead of her, so Amy accepted work at an hotel without any proper wages. She gets a few shillings and dress occasionally. If her energy ever flags she remembers the camp and starts off harder than ever. She has no holidays.

She has just one recreation—when she goes to bed at night she pores over magazines containing pictures of film actresses. She has piles of them in her bedroom. She never goes to the kinema, but she can tell you everything about it. I do not know whether she dreams of ever becoming a film actress, but somehow poor Chinese Amy, hovering on the brink of the "Blacks' camp" and reading about glamorous film stars, seems almost more pathetic than any of her half-caste sisters.

Every little town in North Queensland has its list of such tragedies. And will continue to have them unless something is done to alter a system that should have no place in the British Empire.

L. G.

The Laughing Crook

Meet Mr. Jeremiah Jones, the Laughing Crook. You won't believe his name is Jones and you won't be sure if he's a crook, but about his laughter and *yours* there can't be a shadow of doubt.

The Editor of the *Passing Show*, who sees thousands of stories a year, says that he's the most brilliant character introduced to fiction-lovers for over a decade.

"The Laughing Crook" is the title of a great new short story series by Will Scott. It commences in the special 48-page Midsummer Number of the *Passing Show*, on sale to-morrow, July 21.

END BLADDER, KIDNEY, BACK PAINS & WEAKNESS

FREE SAMPLE FOR MEN AND WOMEN ACTS LIKE MAGIC

WRITE TO-DAY for Specialist's Helpful New Book and free trial. Sent post free in sealed plain wrapper. Brings quick and lasting relief from Bladder, Kidney, Back Pains, and Weaknesses. Tells how to stop inconvenient and urgent desire for bladder relief. No more disturbed sleep. Banishes tell-tale pouches under eyes; drawn, haggard features; stiffness, weakness, pains in back and groin due to stone or prostate trouble. Look and feel years younger. To obtain the FREE SUPPLY AND FREE BOOK in plain wrapper, please enclose 1½d. stamp for postage and packing, and send your name and address to the sole distributors, BRITISH THERAPEUTIC LABORATORIES, Ltd., Suite 3, DUKE HOUSE, DUKE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.—[Advt.]

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES!

Sun tiredness, impure germ-laden air, cinema concentration, reading small print, all strain and weaken the strongest eyes. At the first sign of inflammation apply Singleton's, for 337 years the most soothing and healing eye salve. Absolutely unequalled in all cases of EYE STRAIN, STYES, ULCERS, WEAK AND WATERY EYES, Etc.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK.—To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet 'How to Preserve the Eyesight.'

NAME.......................................

ADDRESS.......................................

Famous physicist discovers FAMILY REMEDY

Why risk suffering from sudden attacks of pain? *Your* home—every home in the land—should have a tin of Oxydoin handy.

All forms of inflammation give way to the soothing effect of the nascent oxygen in this wonderful ointment. No less a person than Sir William Ramsay—one of the most renowned of all physicists—discovered this famous remedy Get a tin of Oxydoin to-day Quickly effective in the cases of Boils, Bruises, Bunions, Burns, Cracked Skin, Eczema, Insect Bites, Neuritis, Piles and Rheumatism. Sold in cream and stick forms, at 1/3 and 2/-, from all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from sole manufacturers:

MATTHEWS & WILSON (1931) LTD., 68, Cole Street, Borough, S.E.1.

OXYDOIN SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

GREATEST "HAIR-GROWING CAMPAIGN" OF ALL TIME

Colossal Preparations Made for Everyone with Hair Trouble to Receive FREE a Trial Supply of the World's Most Successful Radio-Active Hair-Growing Tonic.

WRITE FOR YOURS TO-DAY USING FORM BELOW.

THE ROMANCE OF A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

MR. FREDERICK GODFREY
who makes a remarkable offer to-day to all who forward the form at foot of this page.

IN quite a modest way, some eight years ago, in the heart of the beautiful Peak District of Derbyshire, a young man — Mr. Frederick Godfrey, of Whatstandwell—commenced to treat the Hair Defects of a few of his relatives and acquaintances by a new method which he had himself discovered.

He is now the Head of the largest individually conducted Hair Growing Establishment in the World, and has treated over 300,000 Men and Women troubled with such varied Hair Ailments as Baldness, Greyness, Weak and Falling Hair, Dandruff, Greasy Hair, Dry, Brittle Hair, Lustreless Hair, Hair deficient in colour—indeed Hair Imperfections of every kind.

Mr. Godfrey's success—his unparalleled achievements in thousands of cases—so strongly confirmed his own confidence in the efficacy of his method that he has instituted the Greatest Hair-Growing Campaign of all time in order that everyone may have an opportunity of benefiting from his method of awakening to life dormant hair roots.

NEW HAIR FOR ALL.

To every reader of this Newspaper who is in any way dissatisfied with his or her Hair Condition he will send FREE a generous Trial Bottle of his Famous and universally successful Radio-Active Hair Tonic—the Tonic which has been the means of putting thousands of men and women—some of whom had even been totally bald for years—on the road to Perfect Hair Health.

Mr. Godfrey aims at banishing Baldness and Greyness entirely from the heads of the men and women of Britain and making everyone "Hair Perfect."

This Free Offer, however, is not confined to those who are completely bald or grey. You may be simply "thin on top," or grey at temples. Your hair may have receded on the forehead, or become thin, weak, and "scraggy." Your trouble may be dandruff, greasy scalp, or dry irritation. You may be worried with bald patches or loss of natural colour, or your hair may be brushing out rapidly. No matter what the ailment, your wisest course is to fill in the form below, without delay.

Some idea of the gigantic task which Mr. Godfrey has undertaken will be gathered from the illustrations appearing in the right-hand column, depicting various departments of his huge establishment with his busy staff preparing in advance for the Great Campaign which starts to-day.

If YOU have Hair Trouble of any kind whatsoever, lose no time in forwarding the Special Form provided at the foot of this announcement.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply post the Special Form below.

£1,000 Guarantee

That the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from reports received by Mr. Godfrey. Full names and addresses, where not printed, gladly supplied to bona fide enquirers. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative statements.

A Few Typical Instances

Many Thousands of Similar Cases are on Record—Why not Add Your Own?

The First Step is to Post the Form at Foot. Mr. F. Godfrey Will Do the Rest for You.

Bald for 50 Years.

115, North Road, Southend-on-Sea,
12th October, 1932.

To Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

The upper picture shows Mrs. Seymour when totally bald—as she was for 50 years. The lower portrait is of the same lady after only six months of Mr. Godfrey's Hair Treatment.

I beg to offer you a testimonial as to the great value and efficacy of your treatment with reference to my wife, who up to three months ago had a completely bald head, which she had had from the age of four years, owing to a fright.

Since using your treatment, she has a lovely head of hair which seems to be growing every day. The new hair began to show after two or three weeks' treatment. She is pleased to be able to go out now without a cap, after having had to wear one for about 50 years.

George W. Seymour
(on behalf of my wife, Susan Seymour.)

Back of Head Completely Bald

Hair Now Fully Regained.

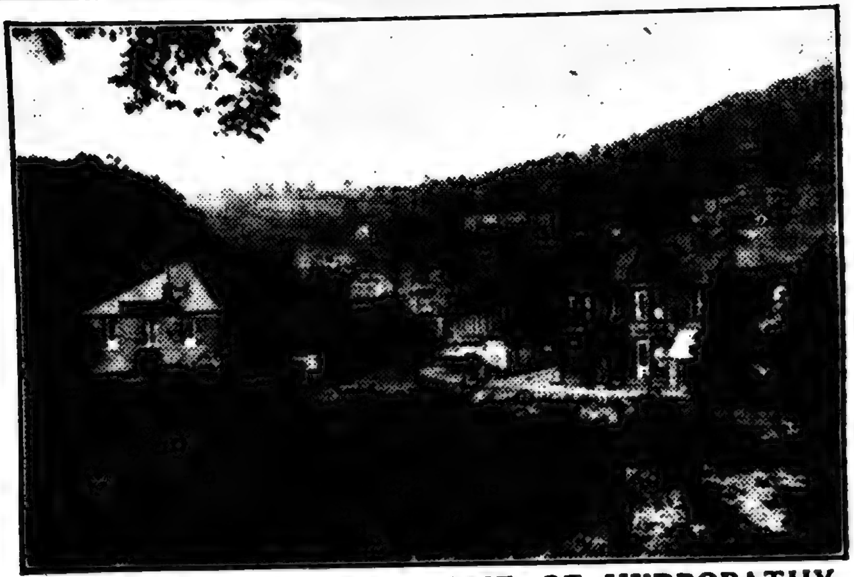
MR. D. LOMAN.

"You will see that I am completely cured now and have a lovely head of hair of which I feel very proud, after having been completely bald on the back of my head and having several patches in front."
(Signed) D. LOMAN.

Growth and Colour Both Restored.

Herne Bay, March, 1933.—"My hair is wonderfully improved in texture and colour. After 3 months' treatment new hair appeared and grew rapidly."—Miss A. BELAND.

The illustrations appearing below show clearly the romantic growth and phenomenal success of the Hair-Growing Establishment of which Mr. Frederick Godfrey, of Whatstandwell, is the Founder and Head.



MATLOCK BATH, THE HOME OF HYDROPATHY.

This glorious beauty spot in the Derbyshire Peak District is, of course, famous as the British home of Hydropathy. New lustre has been added to its wonderful reputation all over the world as a result of Mr. Frederick Godfrey's important and successful Hydropathic Method of Hair Growth and Maintenance, incorporating with the best known hair growth specifics the famous Matlock Bath Thermal Spring Water with its medically approved Radio-Active properties.

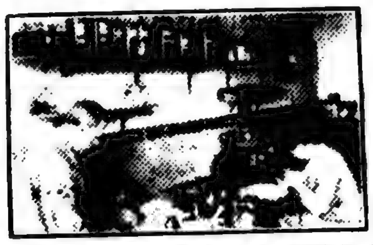
Loss of Hair or Greyness are such handicaps in the strenuous life of to-day that no praise can be too great for the man who can help others either to re-grow lost hair or restore the youthful colour of faded or grey locks.

This, Mr. Frederick Godfrey, a young resident in the Matlock District, has achieved, and what is more, he is offering a FREE SUPPLY of his marvellous RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC to all whose hair is lacking or colour faulty, not only in this country, but abroad as well, in this the greatest of all campaigns against Hair Troubles.

The latest types of modern office and labour-saving equipment have been installed to cope with the gigantic task which lies before Mr. Godfrey and his enthusiastic staff.

Special Printing Machinery has been installed to prepare the millions of copies of Instructional literature which it is anticipated will be called for during the Great Hair Growing Campaign.

Corner of the room in which over 300,000 reports of New Hair Growth and Hair Improvement under Mr. Godfrey's advice are filed. This section has had to be enlarged every few months since Mr. Godfrey first placed his discovery and advice regarding Hair Growth at the disposal of the Public.



Work never ceases all the year round in the wonderful Hair Research Laboratory which Mr. Godfrey has equipped at the Matlock Bath Thermal Spring Establishment.

FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR HAIR POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY,
(J.B. Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book explaining your Prescribed Treatment, and Letter of Advice on my own hair trouble. I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) to cover postage and packing.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

Please print in Block Capitals.

If a tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Cream Shampoo is also required, please enclose extra 3d. in stamps (6d. in all), or if you require the Follex Luxury Shampoo Sachet send 9d., and make a Cross in the Square. ☐

Please place a cross before your hair ailment below:—

Receding at Forehead,
Thinning at Crown,
Baldness,
Bald Patches,
Greyness,
Colour Fading,
Hair Combing Out,
Thin, Weak Hair,
Dandruff,
Dry Irritation,
Greasy Scalp.

"John Bull," 22/7/33

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists in recent articles both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression, should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collects. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness, liver disorders and minor ailments of all kinds, as well as those troubled with rheumatism or indigestion, should get a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate; costing but two shillings from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or any other good chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and thus maintaining vigorous health.

Look at my

new
white
skin

Only 3 Days Ago
I Never Would Have Dreamed
It Could Be So Lovely

"My skin was sallow, dark and faded. There were unsightly blackheads, rough skin scales and enlarged pores around my nose, chin and forehead. To-day, my soft, white smooth skin and beautiful complexion is envied and admired by all."

Any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin, simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy). It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

GRAVES LADY'S CYCLE
BEATS THE WORLD FOR VALUE
Same quality as our man's 'Flight' model with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, bright parts Chromium Plated, and set of Accessories. Bargain Price is £3:17:6. No charge for instalments. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5 2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

A FREE BOOKLET.

Every reader should write for a copy of an interesting free booklet which explains how PHILLIPS' YEAST alleviates Headaches, Indigestion and Nervous Depression; strengthens the system, braces up the nerves, and increases the energy and vitality of the body. Send a p.c. to Phillips' Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. 77), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. (For further details, see p. 14.)

The SHOW DOESN'T SPOIL the DOG

"Loyal and true, magnanimous, and invincibly good-humoured"—the British bulldog

by Major A. J. DAWSON,

the leading authority on Dogs

THE British are a nation of dog-lovers, and the three and a half million dogs that share our homes include in all the eighty recognised breeds the finest specimens of their race in the world, despite all the nonsense that has been written lately about "breeding for show" being bad for our dogs.

In no other breeds of dogs do character and intelligence count for quite so much as they do in hounds, gun-dogs, sheepdogs, and dogs required for training for police and patrol duties.

It is precisely in these varieties that British-bred dogs have achieved the most world-wide fame, in which their world-wide prestige is supreme.

Even Continental authorities who in the past have stuck most closely to native-bred varieties (such as their own boarhounds and Alsatians—Deutscher Schaeferhunds) have of late taken to the importing of British Airedales, for training for police work and so on.

We, being dog-lovers, naturally talk quite a lot about our dogs. This doggy talk is generally pretty sound, sensible stuff, as everyone knows who is at all familiar with kennels and show rings, field trials, and the snuggeries of inns in hunting and shooting and sheep-herding districts.

But when we come to the sort of academic controversy over which printers' ink is spilt, we get a long way from the homely interest of dog talk; from dog sense or horse sense; and, too, it would seem, from the truly doggy men and women who make talk worth hearing.

AT all events, it must regretfully be admitted that most of the recent newspaper lucubrations about the effects on our dogs of shows and breeding for shows have been sorry stuff.

The really informed folk—the owners, breeders, exhibitors and judges—seem to have shunned the whole pow-wow.

Maybe that is one reason why the protagonists have been given so much elbow-room for the airing of views that are freakish and conclusions that are windily inaccurate—as that our show dogs are degenerate imbeciles; that dog shows are perniciously harmful to dogs, and that "breeding for show" tends to produce a race of canine robots and half-wits unworthy the honoured name of dog.

These things seem the more odd when it is remembered that England, the breeding place of the world's finest dogs ever since Roman occupation days, is also the dog show's place of origin.

It is now rather more than three-quarters of a century since the world's first dog show was thought of, organised and held. This was in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and helped to give currency to the true saying that "Every Geordie loves a tyke."

Something of the appeal of the dog show idea, some hint of what its influence has meant in the progress of British dogdom, may be gathered from the fact that sixty or seventy entries were regarded as a triumph in those early Victorian days in Newcastle.

We now accept as a matter of course 4,000 or 5,000 entries for a single show, and get fully double that number for such an annual event as Cruft's at the Agricultural Hall.

One or two shows in a month were in the early days found ample. Now we stage well over a hundred each month the year round, with increasing entries and attendances at each.

There is not the smallest doubt about it that for three-quarters of a century now dog shows have been the biggest single factor in the wonderful development of pedigree dog-breeding in Britain, which now provides profitable employment for many thousands of men and women and many millions of British capital.

Our export to every quarter of the globe of prize-winning sires and dams and puppies, and doggy appliances, medicines, furnishings, accessories and so on represents an industry of ever-growing importance, which notably enhances British prestige in foreign lands, because everywhere the connoisseurs and leading kennel authorities compete for and insist upon having the best British strains.

Why? Because in sport and work, in the show ring and in field and jungle, in breeding and in companionship, the dog strains that win in Britain are everywhere admitted to be the best obtainable.

IN face of these facts it is that theorising controversialists have chosen to sneer at dog shows, to suggest that "breeding for show" produces degenerate dogs, and even to concentrate envenomed shafts in particular upon the "national breed" of bulldogs, with the strange slogan that we now produce specimens which can no longer bite!

That is perhaps the most unkindly crazy cut in all the crazy campaign against the mainstay of a considerable British industry.

There was a time when a man capable of defending his honour wore a sword whenever he left his house, and drew it on the smallest provocation. His great-grandson does neither; and British soldiers and policemen do not walk about rattling sabres or swinging clubs.

We do not sneeringly say that they "can no longer" strike or fight. Yet that absurdity would be no more absurd than the foolish talk of bulldogs "which can no longer bite."

The British bulldog (descended from the Old English mastiff) is a breed of ancient lineage, described as "national" because "dogged, determined, courageous, and tenacious." Also, be it added, because loyal and true, magnanimous, and invincibly good-humoured.

Centuries ago he was bred specially for the sport of bull-baiting, which appealed vastly to the taste of those times. That objective explains his "turn-up" (lower jaw) and the "lay-back" (nose) and low-set build and great chest.

The bulldog had to be capable of taking an immovable grip and being able to continue breathing whilst sticking to it, when necessary for a long time, even under violent buffeting.

Bull-baiting and organised dog-fighting have long since been swept away—like sword-carrying and duelling. To say that our bulldogs can no longer bite is as gross a misstatement as it would be to say that our men can no longer fight.

THAT our bulldogs—bless their loving, sentimental hearts!—*do* no longer bite is due to the fact that they are among the most kindly, good-humoured and decent of created beings: a finely typical product of a kindly, decent, good-humoured nation.

To those theorists who want dogs that *will* bite I could easily recommend sundry breeds of foreign origin; but with this proviso—they must import their own specimens; for with these, as with the varieties of purely home origin, the best specimens in the world now have several generations of British breeding behind them.

And that means that their native Prussianism and readiness to snap and snarl have long since been Englished out of them, in an environment which no longer breeds or desires such qualities.

British dog shows do enormously aid the splendid progress of British pedigree dog breeding. They demand of a dog a longish list of the precise qualities which make most for the perfecting of canine character and intelligence, alike in sport, in work, and in human companionship; such as, for example:

Sensible and kindly behaviour, even under provocation.
Cool and courteous deportment among strangers, crowds, noise.
Correct demeanour on the lead.
Self-control even among dogs inclined to quarrel.
Amenability to necessary restrictions as in transport.
Docility among irritations and difficulties.
Perfect physical fitness.
Making the very best of their own good looks and appearance.

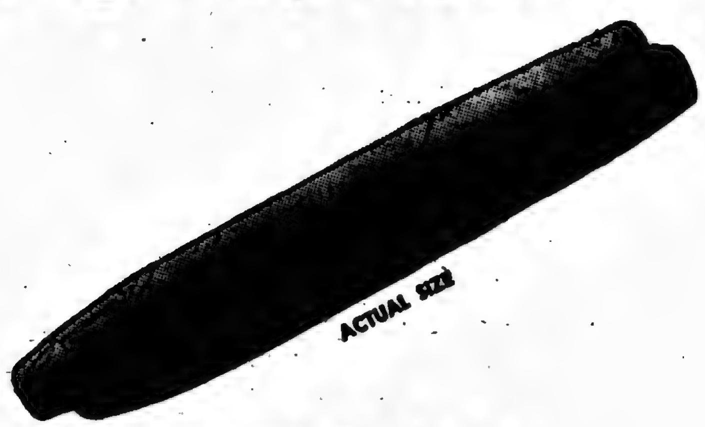
The best-bred puppy (or child) in the world can be so ill-bred—that is, so badly and unwisely reared—as to seem half-witted and to be a nuisance to himself and to everybody else.

Such cases are fortunately not very numerous. But if they were it would represent no point against pedigree breeding, but only a point against the stupidity of bad rearers.

"Breeding for show" means breeding to evolve the utmost physical perfection of type and quality. That again means the finest and greatest possible *capacity*.

As to the subsequent use made of that capacity, that must depend always upon the discretion and sense of the particular humans into whose care the specimens so bred may pass.

The little cigar with the big reputation



WILL'S's WHIFFS

Cartons of 3 . . .	6D.
” ” 6 . . .	1/-
Flat tins of 12 . . .	2/-

W.W.8

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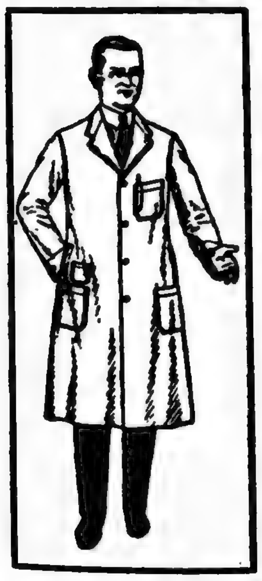
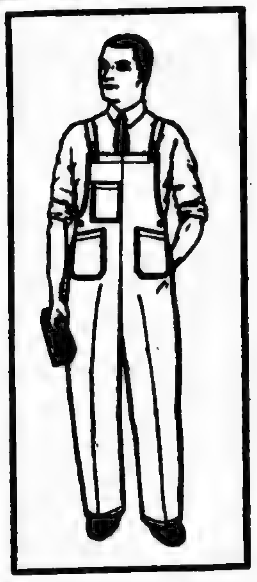
THE CELEBRATED "Pexwear" REG. ALL BRITISH

OVERALLS



DETAILS OF BARGAINS WERE DRAFTED TO APPEAR BUT THE MANUFACTURERS ARE SO INUNDATED WITH ORDERS FROM THE OUTFITTING TRADE THAT TO CARRY OUT THE ENTIRE ADVERT SCHEME WOULD BE ABORTIVE



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"Pexwear"

FROM YOUR OUTFITTER

IT IS

✗ WORTH WAITING FOR ✗

JOHN PECK & Co., Ltd. EDGE LANE, LIVERPOOL

NO SOAP

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

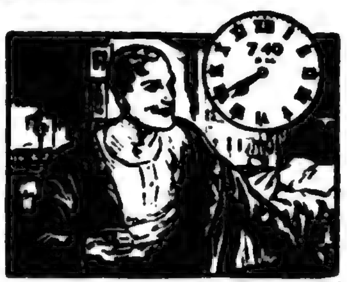
NO BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex, it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed and while my face was still moist, I smeared Shavex over it and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me—Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex, everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in

6D. 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores,

ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d. Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

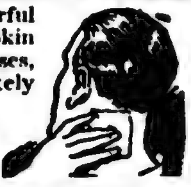
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg, Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished. And Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

ZEE-KOL

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning, its effect is marvellous.

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG AND ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

If you become breathless at times, easily exhausted or fatigued, and your heart palpitates after slight exertion; if troubled with occasional dizziness, flushed face, numb or cold hands and feet, throbbing headaches, backache, etc., a circulatory disorder may always be suspected. Constantly-forming impurities such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., are depositing on walls of the arteries, which consequently cannot properly regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. The only way to check this very serious condition and relieve the dangerous strain upon the heart is by removing the cause. To do this, simply take occasionally before breakfast, a tumbler of water containing a teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates.' This alkaline medicinal water will quickly neutralise and clear away the acidulous impurities which, if not eliminated, lead to hardening of the arteries with its attendant disorders and ever-present risk of such very serious results. 'Alkia Saltrates' can be obtained from any chemist; try this simple and natural treatment and notice how much better and younger you feel as your arteries are rejuvenated and regain normal elasticity.

Lost Energy?

There's a Reason!

When the system gets clogged, poison is spread all over the body through the blood. Take VEGETINE PILLS and walk with a light heart and a joyful step —glad to be alive!

Write for FREE SAMPLE.

VEGETINE BRAND **PILLS**

1/3 PER BOX

F. NEWBERY & SONS, LTD., Dept. B.
33, Banner Street, London, E.C. 1

NO AGENTS THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE

STEWARDS' CUP

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Send for Long Odds Ante-Post Price List.

ONE SHILLING

up to any amount may be invested by LETTER

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STARTING PRICE — Commissions bearing a time stamp up to the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Returns as desired.

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Send us your name for our Mailing List.

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World's Greatest Wonder

by OUR READERS

THE greatest wonder in the world is man. He is the only creature possessing a soul, and the only animal with intellectual reasoning powers.

Compared with some of the denizens of the deep and of the forest, he is a mere pigmy, yet he has it in his power to subdue them all.

The handiwork of man is marvellous, whether in wood, stone, iron or other metal, as exemplified in tiny ornaments, ocean liners, giant cathedrals, and monumental constructions.

His natural ambition is boundless and his desires are well-nigh insatiable.—*Ambrose Vickers, Lancs.*

Thrilling

The mighty oceans of the world fill me with veneration and awe. By calling I am one of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and truly the wonders of the ocean are inexhaustible.

Becalmed in the Doldrums, battling round the Horn, caressed by the warm trade winds—each and every one is a thrill and a wonder, and nothing else in the world can compare with them.

The ocean is indeed God's masterpiece. —*H. P. Whalley, Southampton.*

"Hullo!"

I live at Newport (Mon.). By lifting a telephone receiver I can converse with London, Paris, Hong Kong!

To me, the telephone has always been the greatest of wonders. A turn on the dial and in some magical way you are speaking to someone miles away.

It seems marvellous that a lonely wire can connect up countries—across the desert, under the sea, over mountains and valleys.

Think what this means to commerce, to civilisation, to the individual in distress. —*J. Hohler, Mon.*

In Touch

Laughter, excitement, seriousness, enjoyment—all may be aroused by the greatest wonder of the world. By turning a knob one is brought into touch with all quarters of the globe in the realm of music, drama, education, religion, sport and entertainment.

All the tastes of a listener-in are catered for, and how accessible is this pleasant form of education!

What keeps us more in touch with the world around us than the wireless, and what is more important than that in this modern age?—*D. Green, Durham.*

The connecting link

Perfect Help

The earth's greatest wonder is a good woman. She can earn a living, make herself charming and brighten up our workaday world, discuss current events—in fact, can well hold her own with any man.

Yet when the time arrives, she marries and keeps her husband's home clean, feeds him, tends him, and makes him a perfect companion.

Then, because her love for him is so great, she goes through "the valley of the shadow" to bear him children. Emerging safely, she rears them in the way they should go.—*G. Taylor, Warrington.*

Power of Print

The world of "print" (newspapers, periodicals, books, etc.) interests and affects the lives of a vast number of people.

What person, to-day, could live in comfort and happiness without the printed word? Our recreation, education and the livelihood of thousands of persons are bound up in it.

By its aid evils are exposed, good is extolled—in fact, progress in all forms owes a lot to its medium.—*A. G. Betts, London, N.*

Real Art

During a short stay in Agra, India, I visited that famous and beautiful structure, the "Taj Mahal."

Erected centuries ago in memory of a great love, it remains to this day a thing of beauty and grandeur. The unique workmanship and the precious stones that adorn the inner walls, together with its Eastern style of structure, combine to make a real work of art.—*D. P., Doncaster.*

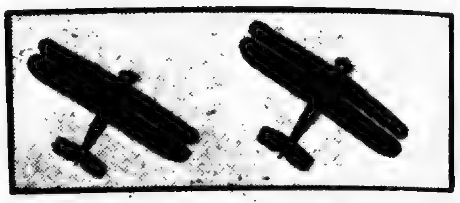
"The most wonderful thing"

No Imitation

There is no doubt that the greatest wonder is baby. From its ten tiny toes to the crown of its little head it is perfectly formed.

It surpasses all the marvels of the scientists, for it defies imitation. It belongs not just to this age, but to all time, for while material wonders become commonplace and pass away, it will go on for ever.

When each fond parent looks adoringly on the tiny mite, hearing those beloved words "Mum" and "Dad," does not each feel that here is indeed the most wonderful thing?—*Ivy Bailey, Hants.*



"Reducing the size of the world"

Dove—or Vulture

The aeroplane gets my vote. It is reducing the size of the world, promoting international friendliness, encouraging education, fortifying health.

It is an 'open sesame' to many other wonders, an aid to commerce, necessity to pioneering, the up-to-date missionary's tool to spread Christianity.

Used rightly, the mechanical bird is the dove of peace. Used wrongly, it is a vulture winging death and destruction to mankind.—*"Nemo," Seaham.*

Hidden Mystery

The more we endeavour to understand Life, the more mysterious and wonderful it seems.

The scientist cannot analyse it nor even discern its principles by the most powerful microscope; yet every one knows it is in us and around us.

From the smallest microbes to the grandest specimens of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, their elegant structures are all elaborated from their surrounding elements, and when life forsakes them they speedily resolve into their original component parts.

Life is an attribute of the great inscrutable Creator Himself.—*J. M. D., Tyrone.*

Guarding Her Chicks

Mother-love, or the instinct in animals, is marvellous. Utterly self-forgetting, the female will face any danger or privation to save her young

A rabbit will bring her young to safety from a burning forest till her fur is almost burned off. A hen will be found brooding her chicks in a field of snow, the coop having been blown away.

And a badger has been known to kill two dogs and effect a miraculous escape for her family at the cost of her own mangled flesh.—*D. Pulsford, Eastbourne.*

* * *

I think the most wonderful thing is a spider's web. Even in this age of miracles, man is not able to weave finer than the spider.—*A. Peet, Lancs.*

The progression of transport is surely wonderful. With the facilities offered us by rail, sea and air, we are able to explore the whole wide world in luxurious comfort at a minimum cost.—*V. Abbott, Kent.*

When I stand on any large London railway station, and see the multitudes of workers arrive, it is a marvel to me where they all fit in, which they do, in the smallest office to the largest store or factory.—*E. Parker, Romford.*

Modern language is wonderful. English consists of twenty-six letters and ten figures. These symbols compose our thoughts, words, literature, and through these our deeds.—*George Cooper, Yorks.*

The discovery of chloroform. The use of this wonderful fluid enables life-saving operations to be performed whilst the patient is peacefully sleeping.—*Hospital Porter, Prescot.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93 Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, July 25.

The Question I'd Like Asked in Parliament

Race with "Silver Ring"

CRUMPETS

GOODWOOD marks the half-way stage of the Flat campaign, and, so far, I am pleased to say, we have held our own.

The connections of Alluvial evidently share my view that the horse had been given plenty of weight for the Stewards' Cup, for they paid forfeit. I am left with Crumpets, and I suggest modest each-way "savers" on Olifa and Eagleray.

The Stewards' Cup has been responsible for many thrills and some splendid exhibitions of weight-carrying. King Sol was a useful sprinter, yet I recollect seeing Irish Elegance try to give him 44 lb. in the Goodwood gamble. Irish Elegance carried 10 st. 2 lb., started favourite, and failed only by three-quarters of a length

Sweetsauce beat a crack sprinter from America for the Stewards' Cup, and, two days later, romped home an easy winner of the Goodwood Cup, decided over two miles and five furlongs.

To this day the big races in France, such as the Grand Prix and Derby, are run an hour or so after schedule, but conditions in England used to be as bad. When Marigold won the "Stewards'" the "off" was an hour and a half late. In his report, the starter stated that Marigold was half an hour late at the post, and an hour and ten minutes was wasted owing to certain jockeys' disobedience!

There is some excellent racing at Hurst Park this week-end Tartan may win the Duke of York Plate and Happy Manmore should be noted for the Lambton Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 20, to Wednesday, July 26.

M P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94

D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT

HOLIDAYS.. the golden opportunity to enjoy more of your favourite cigarettes!

Player's Please

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · 100's BOXES 4/8d · FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6 NCC 173D

HOW 'ASPRO' HELPS YOU AT HOLIDAY-TIME

Thousands look forward to their annual holidays. They are all too short for many. Thousands, again, lose the joy of their holiday because of some petty complaint which seizes them, due generally to the quick change in conditions. 'ASPRO' is definite health insurance and protection during holiday times. It soon dispels headaches—irritability—nerviness—train, air or sea sickness—hot weather sleeplessness, seaside rheumatic twinges, etc. Thousands have proved this, so why take the risk of a spoilt holiday? Take 'ASPRO' with you as protection against :—

SUN-GLARE HEADACHES—IRRITABILITY AND NERVINESS—TRAIN, AIR & SEA SICKNESS HOT WEATHER SLEEPLESSNESS—HAY FEVER—SEASIDE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO'. The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet which contains two extra tablets.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

3d 6d 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

MARVELLOUS FOR BAD HEADS AND NERVE TROUBLE

421, High Street,
Cheltenham Spa.

Dear Sirs,

I have been a sufferer for some years with bad heads and nerve trouble.

A short time ago I was told about 'ASPRO,' and last week I was ill and tried them as a last resource. The results have been marvellous and I feel I now have something to rely upon to save me from pain in the future. I am grateful for such a remedy and do not mind if you tell others.

Gratefully yours,
G. BARKER (Mrs.).

ALWAYS FLIES TO 'ASPRO' TO RELIEVE PAIN

Becontree, Essex.

Dear Sir,

I must write and let you know how thankful I am in taking 'ASPRO' being a sufferer of rheumatism and neuralgia, and when I get acute pain I quickly fly to 'ASPRO' which I always have in the house.

My husband is also a believer in 'ASPRO' and would not be without them.

Wishing 'ASPRO' every possible success.

S. FORD (Mrs.).

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS
SCIATICA	HAY FEVER
GOUT	NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM	PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS	MALARIA
TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO., PTY., LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.), Slough, Bucks.
'Phone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by 'ASPRO' Ltd., Slough, England.

'ASPRO' HELPS TO OVERCOME HOT WEATHER DISCOMFORT

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

WHO WANTS A PENSION and a BIG CHEQUE and YEARLY HOLIDAY PRIZE?

20/- A WEEK FOR LIFE and £200 and £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE COMMENCING AUG 1933

IF PREFERRED, WINNER WILL BE ALLOWED ONE LUMP SUM of £500

HUGE 3-IN-1 AWARD

ADDED AWARD of SEASON TICKET for all winners registered for "John Bull's free weekly "Crossword Gazette" by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms for John Bull's" Crossword — Registration coupon on "Bullets" page

VALUE £2

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.

WIN A CROSSWORD HOLIDAY PRIZE!

"YOU have won outright 'John Bull's' 3-in-1 Holiday Prize"—What a thrill such a Crossword telegram would give you on Thursday, August 3rd.

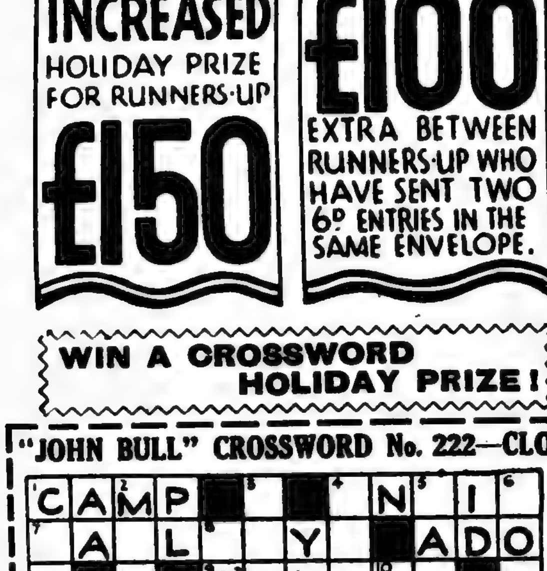
To learn just before the holidays that you have secured a Life Pension, a substantial cheque and £20 Holiday Expenses annually would send you off to the seaside without a care in the world.

Well, it is up to you. An amusing problem is waiting to be solved below and careful consideration of the unusual Clues may well make you the winner.

In addition to this week's splendid First, the bumper sum of £250 is to be distributed between Runners-up as detailed above. Start filling up the squares to-day—and see that your entry is in by Thursday, July 27.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 20s. a week, a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly, and £200 cash (or a lump sum of £500 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 3, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 10, 1933.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 222—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1933.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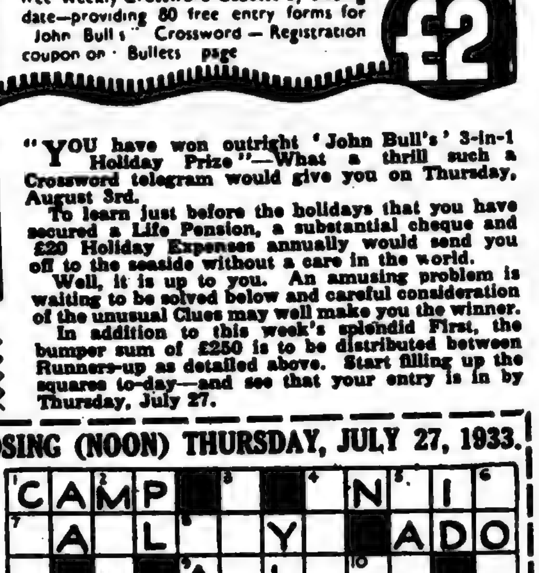
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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value......No.......... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

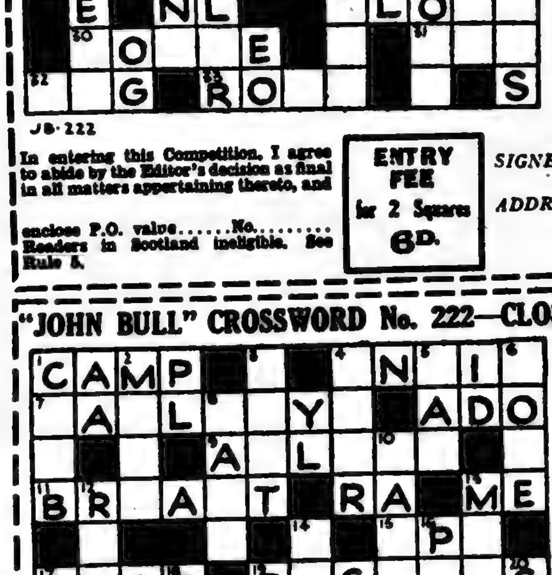
ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 222—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1933.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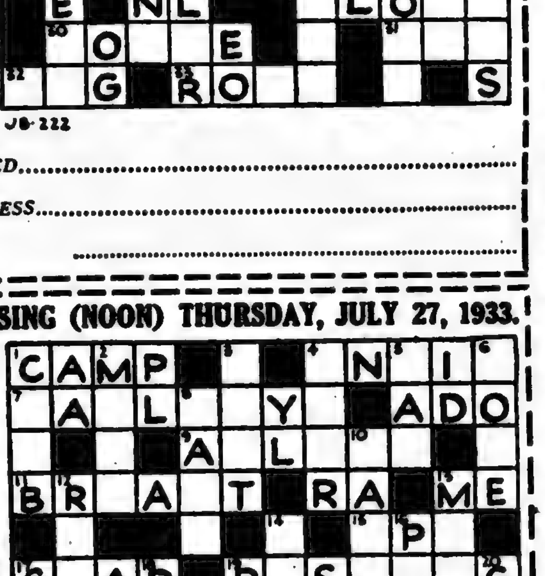

JB-222

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value......No.......... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately, and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. Gathering of tents
4. Up to the time that
7. They provide trains
9. Slumbering
11. Part of the body
15. Health resort
17. Mark left by a wound
19. Putting letters in the post
21. Hazardous
22. Britain is surrounded by
26. Cunning
28. These make a bitter medicine
30. Scoundrel
31. Part of the verb "to be"
32. Going through this may cause captain anxiety
33. Are sometimes kept in pickle

CLUES DOWN

1. Is often cracked to provide food
2. Its danger depends on its depth
3. Describes life which gossips dig up
4. One who uses
5. A light knock
6. She'll fall for you if you do this gallantly
8. Seen in the garden on a fine day
10. Opposite of west
12. It cannot thrive without water
13. A mere male
14. Are made by successful cricketers
16. Are found in an apple
17. Its length may depend on your car
18. Is often done in the early morning
19. Peas are found in one
20. Coloured ones may be used to decorate dinner table
23. Always
24. Prefix referring to air
25. Disgrace
27. What greyhound does; in long race
29. Its wood is chosen for its toughness

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form: send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 27, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 10, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 22, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

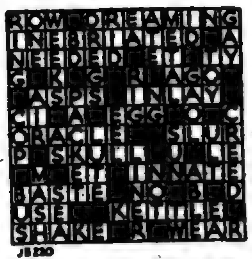
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORD No. 222, 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
(Comp.).


JB220

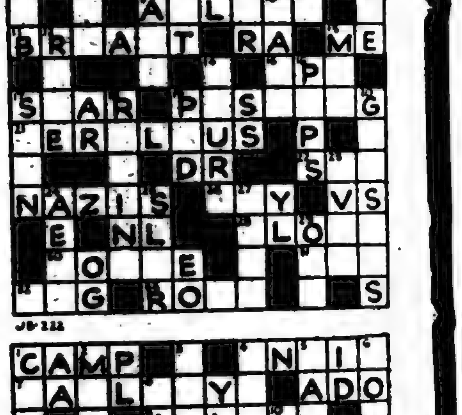
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 220.

Winners in 219 on page 20.

Result of 220 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 220 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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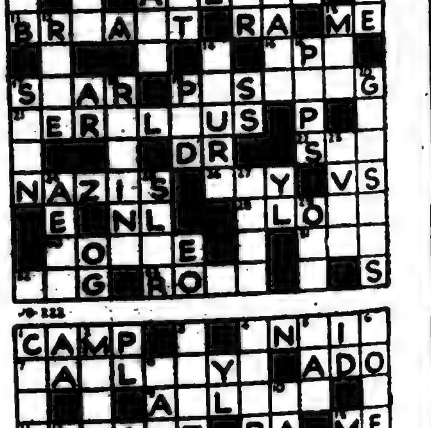
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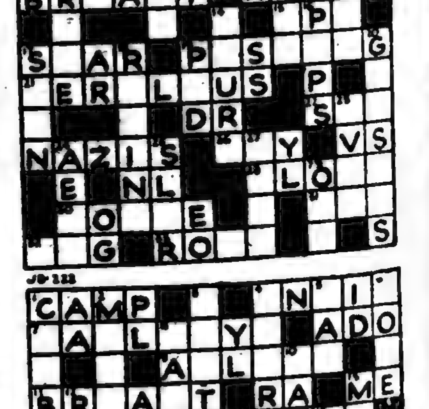
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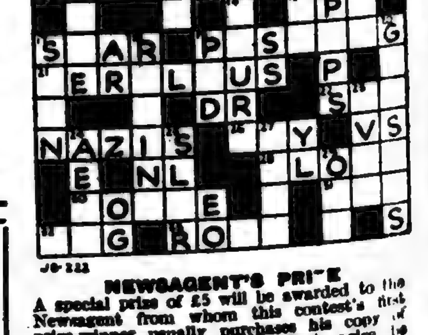

JB-222

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs LAST

VERA (Liverpool). — "I have red hair, blue eyes and very white teeth." How patriotic!

A. P. (Chester).—"My wife and I debated whether we could afford the car." Another Economic Conference.

C. J. (Southport).—"What is meant by living on one's wits?" Finding others who have none.

M. T. (Staines).—"How do some women fifty years old manage to look thirty?" They just make-up the difference.

L. B. (Nottingham).—"My little son is always asking the meaning of words. What shall I make him?" A judge.

P. B. (Clacton).—"The young lover of to-day says it with flowers." That's safer than saying it with ink.

JACK (Redcar).—"They that govern most make least noise." Congratulations on having such a quiet wife.

TAILOR (London, S.).—"Fashions in men's clothes do not change much." The latest in trousers are girls.

H. G. (Musselburgh).—"Bachelors are as gay as they can be." Married men are as gay as they dare be.

STRAP-HANGER (Wood Green).—"Why can't we have a strap each, instead of having to share one with others?" You'll be asking for a seat next.

HARD-UP (Fleet Street).—"I want to be on the endless roads and boundless downs." Instead of which you are on short commons?

AUTHOR (Wembley).—"I should be very happy to write for JOHN BULL." It isn't necessary. Any newsagent will supply it weekly for 2d.

L. N. (Southport).—"My fiancée wishes me to give up writing. She declares I can't write for nuts." Probably she doesn't want to see you starve.

G. T. (London, W.).—"I found a parcel containing two yards of silk outside a theatre." Possibly material intended to make each of the chorus girls a dress.

W. B. (Whitechapel).—"I am writing to ask if I can look over your offices in Long Acre." Yes, if you climb to the top of a very tall ladder.

J. P. (Brentwood).—"There is nothing to prevent an athletic girl from running up the stairs two at a time." What about an odd number?

F. S. (Leeds).—"What will they hold a conference about next?" Probably to decide what to hold the next conference about.

D. M. (Greenwich).—"I am interested in the study of shooting stars." Then why not go to Bisley; you will find most of them there.

NATURALIST (Ely).—"Certain birds come to England every year for the summer." That's very persevering of them. They may find it one of these years.

L. M. (Rochester).—"I was once forced to give up the Channel swim when I was within half a mile of Calais." Where did you start from? Calais?

A. P. (Chepstow).—"You must admit that my arguments are weighty." Oh yes. They nearly knocked over the wastepaper-basket.

DOT (Esher).—"I am learning golf and already go round in less than most women amateurs." Gracious! in less than shorts and a singlet?

EXPLORER (Deal).—"Most travellers lose their nerve when confronted by cannibals." Some of them certainly get in a stew.

C. M. (Barnet).—"A burglar entered a North London shop and stole a bunch of artificial flowers, two flags and a top hat." Perhaps he is setting up as a conjuror.

E. V. (Leeds).—"He told me that he is looking for a cashier, although he engaged one only three weeks ago." Perhaps that's the one he's looking for.

A. N. (Totnes).—"I have no difficulty in putting a little money in the bank every week." But do you find it as easy to leave it there?

A. A. (London, N.).—"A snake appeared among sunbathers at a South Coast resort." Apparently the misguided creature imagined that it had discovered the Garden of Eden.

E. K. (Tring).—"An expert says that bones are not really good for dogs." Then the juvenile sympathy lavished on the animal belonging to Mrs. Hubbard is entirely misplaced.

J.P. (Harlesden).—"I always get a kick out of my work." Commercial traveller?

H. W. (Finsbury).—"Do local butchers form rings?" No, only joint agreements.

T. B. (Chelsea).—"What is a Companion of the Bath?" Soap.

T. K. (Dewsbury).—"I owe so much I just daren't go away for a holiday." Owe zone stopping the ozone.

E. G. (Bude).—"Why is it so hard for a man to find his ideal girl?" Because she is after her ideal also.

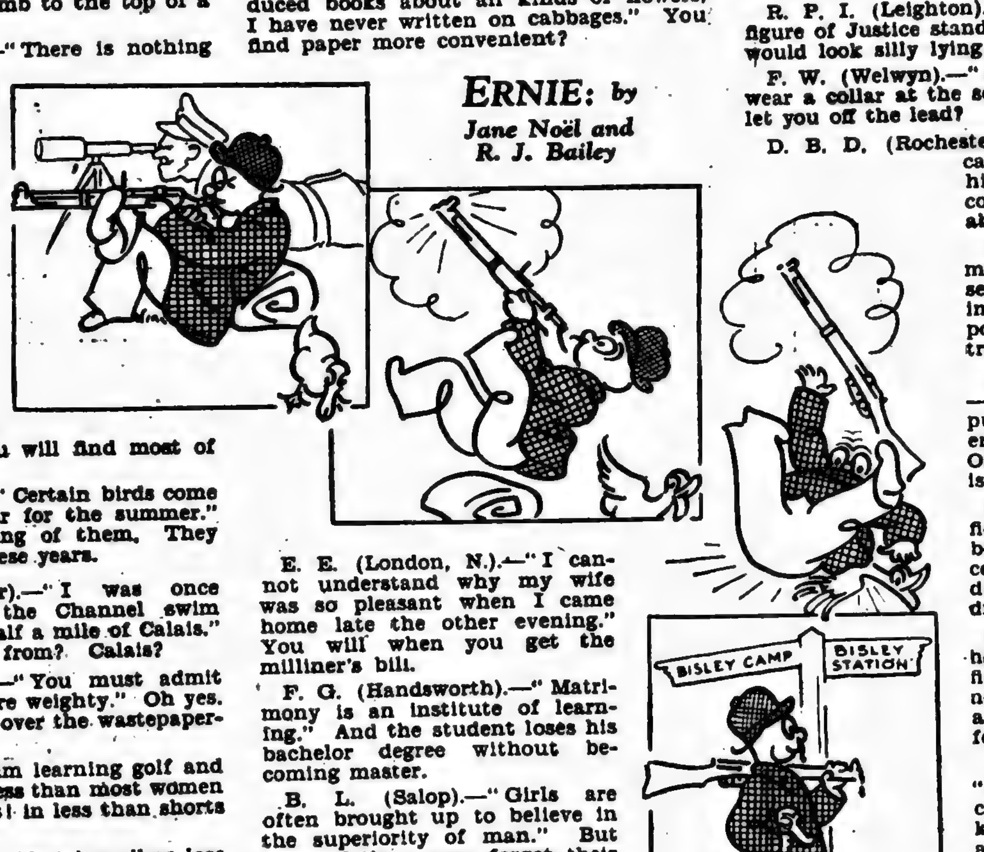
L. W. (Saltash).—"All men are born free and equal." Yes; but marriage comes along later.

A. B. (Bodmin).—"It takes two to make a quarrel." And some folk are always ready to oblige.

W. T. (Hastings).—"I've just found out what the girl I love really thinks of me." Have you just married her?

N. W. (Hendon).—"Though I have produced books about all kinds of flowers, I have never written on cabbages." You find paper more convenient?

ERNIE: by
Jane Noël and
R. J. Bailey



E. E. (London, N.).—"I cannot understand why my wife was so pleasant when I came home late the other evening." You will when you get the milliner's bill.

F. G. (Handsworth).—"Matrimony is an institute of learning." And the student loses his bachelor degree without becoming master.

B. L. (Salop).—"Girls are often brought up to believe in the superiority of man." But most of them soon forget their good breeding.

STATISTICIAN (Coventry).—"I am working out how many really fat people there are per thousand of our population." The answer will be, of course, in round figures.

H. C. B. (Plymouth).—"It says on the ticket 'dress optional.'" We advise you to keep away from these nudist functions.

V. J. (Bermondsey).—"As I told my wife, one has to get up very early to get a job these days." And, as all wives know, one has to stay up very late to keep a job.

GLORIA (Castleford).—"I hear that a Yorkshire woman has had her twentieth child this week." Phew, and she has the rest of the week to go!

MOSES (Aldgate).—"It was a very old travelling bag, but I sold it for a surprisingly big sum." Was it covered with labels of fashionable Continental resorts?

FITZ-SMITH (St. John's Wood).—"I paid a man to trace my pedigree." And now he is blackmailing you?

R. P. (Peckham).—"My dog always goes hiking with me." Ours likes going for tramps, too.

M. H. (Bloomsbury).—"I fell in a trance when listening-in to chamber music." Some people have all the luck.

WIFIE (Hendon).—"I used to say I wouldn't marry the best man alive, and now——" You find you haven't?

LOIS (Hammersmith).—"I have been told I need a special soap for my peach-bloom complexion." That's soft soap.

PEDESTRIAN (Bromley).—"Most motorists ought to be wheeling prams." And probably they think you ought to be in one.

A. J. C. (Lincoln). — "They say that prosperity is coming back—well, it's not coming my way." Go out and meet it—there are Holiday Prizes value over £1,250 waiting for you on page 43.

H. N. (Hackney).—"I have invented a crash-proof hat for motorists." Something new in top gear.

JOHN (Ealing).—"I should like to see the woman who could take me down." Then look at a typist.

H. P. O. (Bognor).—"I cannot stop my hand shaking. What shall I do about it?" Become a banjoist in a dance orchestra.

R. P. I. (Leighton).—"What does the figure of Justice stand for?" Because it would look silly lying down.

F. W. (Welwyn).—"My wife makes me wear a collar at the seaside." Won't she let you off the lead?

D. B. D. (Rochester).—"Most women can think of nothing higher than their complexions." What about their hats?

C. S. M. (Plymouth).—"Our trade seems to consist of imports and no exports." One-way traffic, in fact.

A. D. (Portsmouth).—"Why haven't you published my poem entitled 'The Great Oak'?" Because it is now a little ash.

EDGAR (Huddersfield).—"What is the best way to become a centenarian?" Don't die till you're a hundred.

BARBER (Streatham).—"I have just finished writing my novel." Is your hero a stropping young fellow?

G. W. (Cardiff).—"In India the lowest caste of people are known as untouchables." We have untouchables here, too, but they are high-caste—usually managing banks.

C. C. (Longfield).—"What is this thing called Love?" The eleventh word on a telegram.

D. J. (Bow).—"Have you heard of clever surgeons who manufacture noses?" We have seen lots of girls making eyes.

B. T. (Hull).—"It is said that women will have all the national wealth by the year 2035." They must be saving their alimony.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SUMMER CATARRH | STUFFY COLDS | HAY FEVER

Amazing Remedy

"Nostroline" instantly relieves Catarrh, Summer Colds or Hay Fever. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends all nose trouble. Amazing remedy. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline," J.39, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

No More Disturbed Nights.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth's "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B. 25) 9, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Send for this Free Gift Book.

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 27. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(482H), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482H), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street,
Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

(Please write plainly) ....

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

6,337 CHEQUES *for Registered Readers*

JUST think of it! The staggering total of 6,337 cheques has been paid to registered readers under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance during the first six months of 1933. The colossal number of payments made is vivid proof of the *human sympathy and service* given by JOHN BULL to its readers. The payments include:—

2,057	**cheques**	**for**	**Fire Damage**
358	„	„	**Storm and Flood**
961	„	„	**Accidents in the Home**
2,140	„	„	**Children's Accidents**
325	„	„	**Sickness Benefits**

Many more cheques were paid on account of Burglary, Sports Accidents, Lightning, Boiler Explosions, etc.

Exclusive Benefits

The reason why JOHN BULL can publish such imposing figures is plain to see: JOHN BULL offers the reader exclusive free benefits obtainable nowhere else—JOHN BULL is the *ONLY* paper to cover the home against FIRE (your most dreaded enemy), STORM, FLOOD and SICKNESS, dangers from which none of us is immune.

Is *your* home safeguarded against dangers such as these? Have you taken the precaution to sign the registration forms? Some day you may be sorry you neglected to do so.

Our Great Holiday Concession

Registered readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Insurances, while holiday-making in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of an application arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address ....

....

.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 22/7/33

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address ....

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 22/7/33

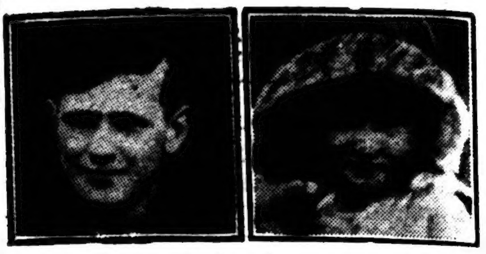
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage** and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

Cash the Coupons

They've all shared the Fruits of Success



House ... Holiday ... Happiness!

WHENEVER a big *Bullets* winner has a family to care for, his first thoughts when a First Prize telegram arrives are generally for his youngsters.

To-day, on the eve of the August holidays, let us dip into the *Bullets* files and show you how just one family shared in the holiday joys made possible by a First Prize cheque.

A £600 winner, Mr. H. Haynes, now of 156, Cliffe Field Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield, shall provide the instance. You see him with his wife and children above—and now you shall learn how *Bullets* has made this happy family still happier.

One Friday afternoon, when Mr. Haynes was still living at his old home at 33, Avenue Road, Sheffield, he felt a tug at his arm as he went down the office corridor.

His wife was there, breathless with excitement as she thrust a telegram into his hands.

"It's here!" she said. "We've won! Isn't it lovely!"

Now although Mr. Haynes had been entering *Bullets* for two months only, that word "It" had one meaning alone for him on a Friday afternoon.

He forgot his errand along the corridor, he forgot the rise he had been looking forward to that day—he even forgot it was pay day as he read that memorable message from JOHN BULL!

It told him the glorious news that he had won £600 for his *Bullet*, an amusing effort which most readers of this column will recall—THEIR CAR—CREATES SENSATION—SCENTS CREATION.

Here, after winning no more than two "Target" awards, he held in his hands the famous Friday telegram which every keen "Bulleteer" looks forward to. With the help of *Bullets Bulletin* he had joined the hundred of competitors whose lives have been suddenly transformed by a big *Bullets* cheque.

* * *

A week or two ago, Mr. Haynes put on record for the encouragement of other would-be winners the many benefits which have followed his substantial success.

"When my holidays came along," he tells us, "I was able to give my kiddies a good time by the sea and to send them off for a wonderful day at Whipsnade Zoo

"Then my wife and I spent a never-to-be-forgotten holiday in Belgium.

These were only the first fruits of Mr. Haynes' success He had long been wishing to be able to move further out of Sheffield, for the sake of his family, but that had hitherto been no more than a hope for the distant future.

"When the holidays were over," the winner continues, "we eventually found the house we had always wanted, amidst healthier surroundings and conditions where we can all enjoy my success every day."

Such are the thrills and the blessings which may come to any JOHN BULL reader who enters within the next few days a coupon from the opposite page.

Every penny of over £1,250 in holiday cash must be won for *Bullets* entered by Saturday, July 29. Why leave all these prizes for others to enjoy?

HIS £600 RECIPE

The will to win, study of winning lines and *Bullets Bulletin*—these are the three ingredients in Mr. Haynes' recipe for success.

The bright budget of *Bullets* assistance which helped Mr. Haynes to the top of the prize-list now incorporates *John Bull's* interesting *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* amusing *Couplets Courier*.

Yet all it costs you each Thursday is a mere halfpenny postage. Secure your supply with the coupon on opposite page!

OVER £4,000 WON IN COMPETITION No. 899!

FIRST PRIZE OF £4 A WEEK FOR LIFE, TRIP ROUND THE WORLD AND £1,000—OR £3,000 CASH

Mr. HARCLIFFE EVA, 6, Headland Road, Newquay, Cornwall.
Example:—ROUND THE WORLD
Bullet:—"BENDING"—WORLD ROUNDING BEND.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mrs. M. DENT, 7, Flints Terrace, Richmond, Yorks.
Example:—Grim Struggle
Bullet:—Mine—"One Amongst Plenty."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. D. MACPHERSON, 48, Clive Road, Cowley, Oxford.
Example:—To Sheathe The Sword
Bullet:—"Make Efforts"—*Stop* "Competing"!

OTHER PRIZES:

£25: Mrs. E. BEVAN, 152, Wadsley Lane, Sheffield.
To Make Her Happy—Admire Slenderness—Praise "Stoutness."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: H. W. REYNOLDS, c/o Hazeldene, Water Lane, Wilmslow, Ches.
Wooing Peace—Difficult—"She Smells Powder."

£19: T. R. T. EVANS, Glannant, Hutton, Essex.
Girl In The Water—"Submerges" To "Torpedo" Bachelor.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£18: J. WILLIAMSON, 66, Athens Street, Stockport, Ches.
Round The World—Stretches "Street" Called "Queer."

£17: G. W. NELSON, 59, Dovercliffe Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.
Just Fancy — Your "Tribe" Being Bombed!

£16: Mrs. HOGARTH, 40, Sandy Lane, Skelmersdale.
Rocks—Often Debris Of "Peak."

£15: G. W. MEALE, 38, Tibbersley Avenue, Billingham-on-Tees, Durham.
Mothers — "Treasures" Treasuring "Treasures'" Treasures.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£14: M. SAUNDERS, 96, Patrick Street, Cork.
Family Man — Takes Risk — Country's "Insurance."

£13: A. W. BURWOOD, 37a, Midmoor Road, Balham, S.W.
Turned Out — Old Servant — Youth "Served."

£12: G. JERVIS, "New Timber," Red Down Road, Coulsdon.
Girl In The Water—"At Sea," At Tub?

£11: Mrs. C. H. BRIDGES, c/o Mrs. Findlay, 10, Cleveland Road, Uxbridge.
The Militarists—"Occupy" Flat Above Us!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: Mrs. G. SEAMAN, 83, North Denes, Gt. Yarmouth.
Back To Sanity—"Cut" Economists *Should* Make.

£9: L. JONES, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks.
Upsetting The Country—Stagnation—The Countryman, Progress.

£8: G. E. SANT, 27, Campbell Road, Stoke-on-Trent.
Mothers—Comfort's "Due To Them."

£7: Mrs. A. CLIFFORD, 47, Bedford Road, Ilford.
Our Little Island—"Garden"—Let's Make "Farm."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£6: S. BROOKER, East Hall Cot, St. Mary Cray, Kent.
Thanks To Roosevelt — "Calculating" Conference Won't "Count."

£5: R. BURNETT, 145, Clifton Road, Aberdeen.
Round The World—Ship's Laundry Interesting Missus!

A list of 50 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

£500 BONUS.—This extra sum will be distributed as announced amongst cash prizewinners in this contest who qualified by using Helper's Coupon in "Bullets Bulletin."

ENORMOUS NEW 2-IN-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE * * *

£1,000 Cash

PLUS £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE every August for life!

heads 50 big Bullets Opportunities!

£50	£25	£15
£10	5 of £5	5 of £4
5 of £3	10 of £2 · 10	20 of £2

500 of 2'6 ··· 2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

EXTRA BONUS VALUE OVER £2·10s. OF 'BULLETS' SEASON TICKET PROVIDING OVER 100 FREE ENTRIES TO EACH OF 50 HOLIDAY PRIZE-WINNERS FROM WHOM MORE THAN ONE COUPON (ENTRY-FEE OR OTHERWISE) IS RECEIVED IN THE SAME ENVELOPE··

THIS WEEK ONLY

Another Huge Array of "Bullets" Holiday Cheques!

HIGHER, higher, higher go JOHN BULL's Holiday Offers—and now before you is the finest list of big cash prizes ever seen in July.

Though headed by a Giant 2-in-1 First of £1,000 cash with a £10 Holiday Cheque every August for life, this astonishing prize-list has 49 other attractions as well. Count them up for yourself, remembering as you do so that any of these fine sums may be your reward for a *Bullet* entered within the next few days.

Even as you glance at the list of *Examples* on this page a bright thought may strike you. A few minutes spent on phrasing it neatly, a few more on entering it on one of the coupons provided, and a bumper Holiday Cheque may well be yours.

But remember—your entry must be in by Saturday, July 29, if you want to be amongst the 10,550 winners.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet* you have simply to select one of the *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, which link up neatly with the *Example*. Suppose, for instance, you had selected the *Example* RESULT OF THE CONFERENCE. You might at first jot down the rough idea *Seems Very Little Decided*. This you could soon polish into the finished *Bullet*, RESULT OF THE CONFERENCE—DECIDEDLY UNDECIDED, I'VE DECIDED.

To help you breathe the *Bullets* atmosphere and get into the frame of mind which helps you to find good phrasing for your efforts, study carefully the good points of the winning efforts on the opposite page.

Then get busy on some winners of your own, and on Friday, August 11, JOHN BULL's First Prize telegram may bring you the news that you have won one of the biggest Holiday Prizes ever offered!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

RESULT OF THE CONFERENCE
LATER
BUILDING CASTLES
POLITICAL GIANT
MIGHTY OCEAN
TRUSTING TO LUCK
GIRL ON THE PIER
RICH AND RARE
STIRRING SCENE
WHEREVER SHE GOES
SLIP OF THE TONGUE
AT THE LAST MOMENT
LED TO A ROW
NASTY BUMP
WHEN THE BAND PLAYED
DEAFENING
HAPPY GATHERING
GLUED TO THE SPOT
TROUBLES AND CARES
LEFT TO FATHER
GOOD SPORT
WHEN SANDY LOST SIXPENCE
TRAPPED
KILLING BUSINESS
HOPELESS
STONY SILENCE
ALL SHE SAID WAS
FIDO
UP THEY WENT AND
INTO THE UNKNOWN
ANXIOUSLY
FURTHER AND FURTHER
FINAL PLUNGE
WHEN THE FIGHT'S OVER
NOT ALLOWED
ON THE TABLE

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*. Reserve your supply to-day!

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ________________

ADDRESS ________________

Post to:—"BULLETIN"-DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 903 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., July 29
P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., July 29
P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., July 29
P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(903) Closing SAT., July 29
P.O. No. ________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets," No. 903, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

PRIZES VALUE OVER £2,000 GIGANTIC AUGUST HOLIDAY OFFER!

The GREATEST OFFER ever made

ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

TWEED COAT only 235 2d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

PULLOVER only 45 2d packets

A WARM, LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made only by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue, fawn, maroon, and the new fashionable green.

grey FLANNELS only 125 2d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

"No foreign stuff for me"

ALL *THREE* GARMENTS for 375 2d packet fronts

IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS to get the unemployed back to work if you take advantage of this stupendous offer.

THIS OFFER CLOSES ON AUGUST 31st, 1933.

SPORTS SHIRT

with collar attached

Soft, hard-wearing and absorbent. Ideal for all games and outdoor pastimes. Open neck style in cream shade. Sizes: Men's, Small Men's and O.S.

100 2d. packet fronts

SOCK OFFER STILL AVAILABLE

2 pairs for 50 2d. packet fronts. Full-length, all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes: 10in., 10½in., or 11in.

B.D.V SPORTS CIGARETTES 5 for 2d

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.

(Each 4d. Carton contains 2 packet fronts.)

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The Sketch

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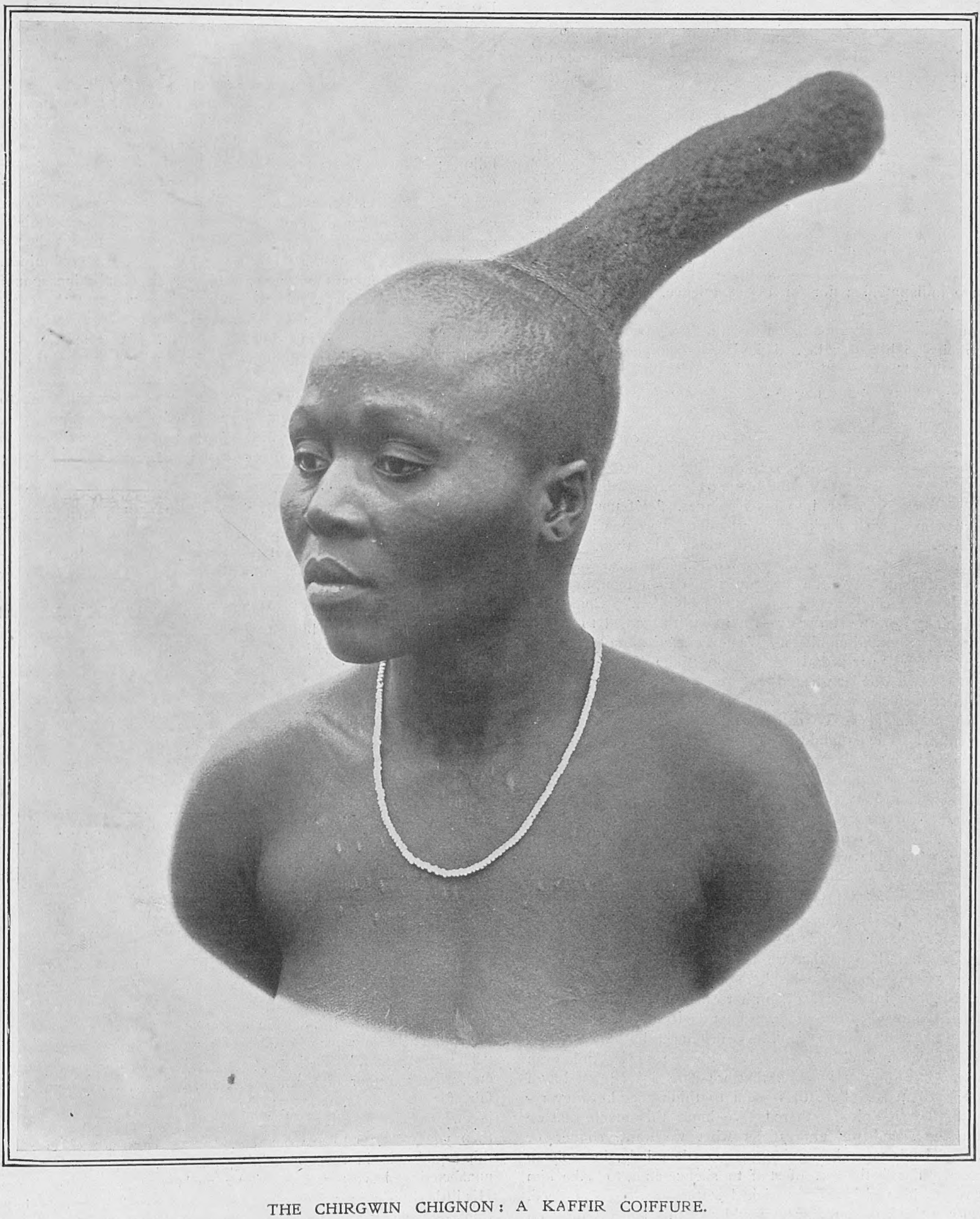

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.